

The Corsair.

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THE RAVEN.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

"I like it well," said the unclean bird,
As she feasted on the slain;
"Soon may a brother's heart be stirred
To do the like again!"
She sat on Abel's murdered corse,
And the Raven's beak was red;
The banquet tasted not the worse,
That a martyr's blood was shed.
She revelled long, for never before
Had the Raven tasted of human gore;
And when the old bird fled,
A heavy wing and sullen croak
A discontented heart bespoke,
For she loved that feast of the dead.
But she heard the sound of coming feet—
And the Raven fled to her chosen seat,
A shattered oak all scathed and torn
By the lightning blaze of that fearful morn
When the Cherubim's sword drove the outcasts forth,
Who had called on their heads the Eternal's wrath.
And she gathered around her a murky brood,
And feasted their ears with the tale of blood;
Till slumber came on them one by one,
And the old bird slept when her tale was done.
And she blest her brood with closing eyes,
"No waking may ye see,
Till the scent of blood and dying cries
Shall a glad *réveille* be."
There seemed in her wish a mighty spell,
For the Raven slept long, and the Raven slept well,
And she and her brood appeared not accursed
With the animal wants of hunger and thirst.
At last came by, not a child of earth,
And I wot not whether of holy birth,
But his form was fair, and his wings, though furled
Was half their splendour, proudly shone
With the glory that told of a fallen world,
Where light yet lingered around its throne.
It is the Tempter—what did he
Wandering around the blighted tree?
The Raven was Satan's peculiar care,
And list to his song as he lingered there.
"Up! up, old Raven! scent, scent the glee—
Call forth thy brood to the feast of the slain!
Speed through blue ether thy dusky sail,
Croaking thy praise to the race of Cain.
They have made them cities wherein to dwell;
They have made them wars to people hell;
'Tis a goodly sight, oh bird! to see
So much of food prepared for thee.
Then feast, dark Raven, feast thy fill,
Thou hast only to eat, for man will kill.
But, oh! if he dare to scare thee away,
And to give thee blow and ban,
Laugh when he calls thee a 'wretch of prey,'
And ask him, what is Man?
Up, Raven, up! there is fresh blood spilling,
And thou and thy brood must be in at the killing.
There are thrones to be reared by the blood of the brave;
There are fortunes to make by the lash of the slave;
There is gold to protect with blood-writ laws:
Thine is the feast; then ask not the cause—
Be it from hate, from lust, or from war—
Scent ye man's blood as it comes from afar;
Laugh, laugh at his threats, and cast back his ban,
Till the last Raven drinks of the last blood of man."

The Raven is up with her eager brood,
See! they go forth on their quest of blood;
War! war! war! on to the fight,
There's a bloody war for a people's right;
"Down with the land-marks! let the soil
Be free to all by the right of toil!"
"War! war! war! what care we?"
Said the Raven bird to her family;
"Tyrants are here in their battle array,
To crush the serfs who were born to obey;
What care we who wins the day?
We have only to eat; 'tis for man to slay."

Wine! wine! wine! in the festive hall
Is the voice of song, where the pale lights fall
On the ruby goblets—"Joy to the wine!
Let friendship pledge in generous wine."
Up, Raven, up! see the board is spread
With food for thee, and the wine is red!
Men may be strong as the gnarled oak,
But a forest burns by the lightning stroke.
Wine is the lightning, scorching the brain,
Man kindles man,—look to the slain!
Pledge thou thy brood, in the wine of life,
To a drunken brawl and a ready knife.

"My bonny brood!—'tis brave to ride
On a swollen corse, through a darkling tide;
What care we that poets sing,
Love is a pure and holy thing?—
It took the light from those sunken eyes,
It paled that cheek of its bloom;
But, what care we!—'tis a dainty prize;
A suicide asks no tomb.
Cared the lover *once* for his leman's smile?—
Let him look *here*! as we feast the while."

'Tis a lonely hearth, and seated there
Is an aged man, in mental prayer;
His silvery hair, as that brow of age
Lowly bends o'er the sacred page,
Falls on his clasped hands, pale and thin;
His prayer is for another's sin.
And now, upraised, his cold gray eye
Is fixed in pious ecstasy;
A tear steals down this furrowed cheek;
Soon will that holy silence break.
"Father," he cries, "thy will be done:
But, spare! oh, spare! my wayward son."
A panel burst, and an iron bar
Wrenched from its hold with a clanging jar;
A ruffian masked, a curse, a blow,
And the old man's head on that hearth is low!
His gray hair dabbled in welling gore.
Gold, gold, gold!—'tis sought,—'tis found;
And the murderer springs with sudden bound
Past the threshold of that cottage door;
And swift as the wind he flew away
From scenes that had marked his childhood's play,
From the hearth the crimes of his riper years
Made desolate, and bade the tears
Of his lonely sire unpitied fall
For the boy of his pride, loved best of all:—
From the hearth with the blood of that father dyed,
By the hand, accursed, of a parricide!

"Children mine!" said the Raven bird,
"Back from the door of that cottage lone!
Though blood is sweet when the crimson curd,
Blackening, clots on a cold hearth-stone;
No brood of mine shall dip their beaks
In parents' blood, by offspring shed,
Come to my call, 'tis thy mother speaks!
Croak, croak, croak," and the dark brood fled
To their ancient home in the blighted tree,
Where the old bird read them a homily,
That man, though proper for Raven's food,
Was not to be copied in crimes of blood;
Till slumber came on them one by one,
And the mother slept when her sermon was done.
She blest her brood with closing eyes:
"When the morrow's dawn ye see,
May the scent of blood and dying cries
Our glad *réveille* be."

ADVENTURES OF A MAINTOP-CROSSTREE-MAN.

BY OLINTHUS JENKINSON, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

[MR. EDITOR.—In order to prove to you that my power of execution is in no way inferior to my imagination, I send you the enclosed commencement of a nautical tale, which I had prepared some time ago for a magazine; and, would you believe it, it was returned to me. Since then, fifteen long years have elapsed. But, even now, except a few trifling professional inaccuracies (too trivial to be mentioned,) I can see no reason why the laurels that decorate the heads of other men should not also flourish round the head of Olinthus Jenkinson. Judge between us.]

I was born of respectable and affluent parents in the town of Sunderland, and at my baptism received the name of Theophilus Gangway. I had always had a penchant for a sailor's life, and at last my desires were gratified. Many were the tears that my poor mother shed when the fatal post brought the letter from my uncle, Sir Hector Blowhard, ordering me to join the *Outrageous*, then lying at Portsmouth, and fitting up for the West Indies. It was an event I had long earnestly desired; but when I came to see all the preparations for my knapsack (so I understood that one's clothes, and the portmanteau that contained them were termed in the navy), I must own that my feelings fairly got the better of me. I could not help thinking that I had better have remained at the classical and commercial academy where I was in course of being instructed in every single thing that could render a man a useful or agreeable member of society: but it was now too late, my maintop-crosstree-man's commission had reached the royal signature, and I was an officer and a gentleman. My knapsack was carefully stocked with all the little comforts that might be necessary for my voyage; it contained six flannel waistcoats, two pair of stockings, fourteen pair of Angola gloves, one of white kid, and a piece of Indian-rubber to clean them, for the balls at Bermudas, one pair of Scotch galligaskins in case of a hurricane, a package of sootjee, or vital potion, and a tureen full of portable soup in case of a wreck, one flowered dressing-gown, two pair of superfine black kerseymeres, with large fobs to keep the watches in, and lastly two dozen toothbrushes, and a few copies of Byron's *Corsair*. By making presents of these last, it was my intention to conciliate to myself the good will of the sailors. It was with a heavy heart that we sat down to dinner that day; my father employed the few moments that were left in giving me a few useful admonitions for my conduct.

"Offey, my boy," said he, "you are about to leave us for a watery home:" he also quoted Burns, and informed me that my march was to be on the mounting wave, my home within the deep; this was to support his last observation.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said I (this I understood to be the correct expression.)

"Eye, eye, sir? mind your own eye, I tell you; and take this as my last paternal warning:—Never smoke except in a gale; and never, oh, never touch ardent spirits except in a fog!"

"Lor, father," said my little sister, "I just fancy I see our Offey ordering the men about. What will you say to them, Offey?"

"You be hung!" replied I, in my altitudes.

"Offey, Offey, you'll break your mother's heart if you take to swearing like a trooper in that fashion!"

"A trooper," said I, bristling up like a lieutenant; "ah, mamma, I beg pardon, but do not British tars always swear?"

"Never you swear, whatever other naughty boys do; but try to engage your companions' affections by uniformly amiable conduct, gentlemanly manners, and virtuous habits; sooner or later, my dear boy, depend on it, you will gain the esteem of the whole fleet, and be consulted by the port admiral as long as he lives!"

All things must come to an end, and so did our dinner. It was now four o'clock, and the mail in which my place had been booked was to pass at six; we therefore cried and kissed alternately for the hundred and twenty minutes that were yet remaining. My mother as a parting gift provided me with six cambric pocket handkerchiefs, in case I should be troubled with catarrhs; my father, on his part, presented me with his blessing, and three deal planks for boarding, taken from poor Carlo's kennel. These last were tied to the top of my gun case,—or, as I afterwards learned to call it, gun-carriage,—and were, I understood, indispensable as a part of my outfit; lastly, my little sister, hanging round my neck, pressed into my hand a little pink box, with a white label on the middle, on which was inscribed in gold characters, "A Souvenir from Sunderland." At last, bidding them all good b'ye, and giving Carlo a pinch on the ear to keep him in mind of me, for which he gave me a bite on the thumb to keep me in mind of him, I left the home of my youth: Tom, the footman, accompanied me down to the mail, which had already heaved-to opposite the Hen and Chickens. My knapsack, consisting of two trunks and the gun-carriage, was shipped on board, and I stowed myself away in the hold.

There were already in before me one old gentleman, and a boy about my own age, who, with his aunt, was proceeding to a seminary in the vicinity of London. My language now became strictly technical.

"Well, messmate, what cheer?" said I, poking the boy amidstips, for I wished to impress him with proper notions of my dignity.

"Sir!"

"What cheer, eh, brother?"

"I do not know what you allude to, sir."

"Here's a hay-making son of a sea-cook! Mayhap, old lady, this youngster a'nt in the service?"

"In service, sir! do you take my nephew for a footboy?"

"Avast! avast! old lady, slow your jaw and mind your helm, will you? I only wished to know if this youngster had the honour of serving his king and country, as I have, instead of wearing out his lubberly carcass at home in idleness."

"A tea-pot in a storm!" said the old gentleman in the corner, who had as yet said nothing.

"A tea-pot, sir! Do you allude to me? I will tell you what it is, old fellow, I will clear away my guns, and fire into you in a pig's whisper, if you poke your fun at me in that fashion."

"Ah, you'll clear away your guns and fire into me in a pig's whisper, if I poke my fun at you; you will, will you?"

"Ay, that will I, old fellow; so mind your eye, my hearty, and haul down your foretopmast stay-sail! If you don't look to yourself I'll luff you in less than no time, and have you into the latter end of next week before you know where you are!"

As this observation produced nothing but a laugh, I felt somewhat nettled; but I durst scarcely proceed to open demonstrations of hostility as I might have chanced to get the worst of it, so I pretended not to hear, but put my head out of the window, and hailed the coachman with,

"Maintop ahoy! how's the weather?"

"Pretty well, youngster; how are you?"

This second rebuff fairly drove me into port; but I contented myself with thinking of the old proverb of the pearls and swine, and kept my nautical demonstrations to myself for the rest of the voyage. Suppose this ended, and me landed at the White Horse, Fetter Lane. Here I found a servant waiting for me, who conducted me to a dark-looking house in Fore Street in the city, tenanted by a wholesale draper, who had been in the habit of transacting all my father's pecuniary business for him. He was a little, short, middle-aged man, by name and surname John Stubbs, and had lately provided himself with a helpmate, who was amazingly fine on the strength of having received her education at a boarding-school at Peckham; to me she was all sugar, to her husband all lemon. She talked a good deal of Italian skies, and asked me if I had seen the last *Keepsake*, and when I had last had the felicity of meeting with my revered uncle Sir Hector, and how Lady Blowhard and the olive branch were getting on. I returned satisfactory answers to the queries; and as all evenings must come to an end, so did this, although it was somewhat of the longest.

Next day I had a private conference with Mr. Stubbs as touching my outfit, and was surprised to find that most of the articles with which I had provided myself were, comparatively speaking, useless. This, however, he undertook to set to rights for me. Accordingly he acted as my guide to a house in Cornhill, well known to all those gentlemen whose fate it is to be outward bound; and here I was provided with all things that might be necessary as a *viaticum* in my future progress to the Nelsonship of England. All these matters being settled, and my place taken in the Portsmouth mail, I partook of my farewell dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, and wended on my way, like John Bunyan's pilgrim, rejoicing.

I could not help feeling rather surprised at finding the same old gentleman as a companion, with whom I had travelled up from Sunderland; he, too, seemed to recognize me, but did not show any outward symptoms of being aware of my presence. I must own that I felt somewhat cowed, I scarcely knew why, and refrained from demonstrating my nautical ardour by any outward tokens, so the journey passed heavily enough, being only interrupted by a dispute between two drunken sailors on the top of the coach, and a cheating pot-boy. It is, however, scarcely worth while recording all the questions and answers delivered on both sides till the matter ended by the pot-boy being knocked head over heels by one of the sailors whom he attempted to cheat. Suppose us, then, to have arrived at Portsmouth, and to be fairly deposited at the Fountain; and now having smelt the salt water, I felt myself all alive again. I ought at once to have reported myself, but this I was determined not to do until I had aired my uniform a little. I proceeded, therefore, down the street, and called in at the Blue Posts for a nor-wester, requesting the waiter to amalgamate the alcohol and lymph in the proportions of one half grog and the other half spirits neat, thus speedily setting at naught my father's precepts, as it was as bright a day as a man would wish to look upon. But, as before remarked, I was now an officer and gentleman, and wished in this manner to demonstrate my independence.

I now lighted a weed, and proceeded onwards ready for any adventure that might befall me. My first impulse was to stop at a small optician's shop, to contemplate my epaulettes in one of those round mirrors which are there to be found suspended in the window. Upon seeing my mouth elongated to an unnatural size, and my head degenerated into somewhat the appearance of a Norfolk biffin, I was immediately seized with the not unnatural desire to proceed to the *voir du fait*, and retaliate this insult upon the aggressor. In pursuance of this object I shoved my fist through the window, thereby breaking and creating many *panes*, and was immediately collared by a whey-faced apprentice, who demanded my name, and the sum of fourteen and sixpence for damages. With the first I was very ready,—Maintop-crosstree-man, Theophilus Gangway, H.M.S. *Outrageous*, now lying at Portsmouth, and fitting out for the West Indies, nephew to Sir Hector Blowhard, now one of the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty; but as to the latter demand, I could only reply—no effects; for although I had the wherewithal about me to satisfy the demand, I thought that it must be beneath the dignity of an officer and a gentleman to pay for that which he had damaged. Accordingly, I left my dirk in pledge, and being somewhat rudely ejected from the tenement, I snatched a parting glance at my epaulettes, and proceeded down the High Street, with the most professional swagger I could muster up.

I was much surprised at the small respect which was paid me, as also at the ill-suppressed sneer, and the impertinent stare with which the announcement of my rank was received. I determined, however, to gain that by my own exertions which was denied to me by the ignorant vulgar. I soon found myself at the Battery, where there were two or three sentinels, upon duty; and being somewhat nettled by the ill-usage I had met, I determined to prove to the world the extent of that authority with which his Majesty had been pleased to invest me; so I saluted the sentries with,

"Heave-to, ye lubbers, and bear up on the topsail tack; fore and main—"

sails haul up, now back the maintop-sail, and fire a broadside up to larboard, d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir; if you tells us, I suppose we must; but it's clear ag'in orders! I say, Bill, does he take us for marines? but if this officer says we must do it, I 'spose we must, so bear a hand—sharp's the word!—But, please your honour, the admiral's stopped our allowance of powder, as he says, to retrench the expenditure of the executive; how can we manage?"

"Why double shot the guns, to be sure, you set of know nothings!"

This last observation proceeded from a gentleman habited like myself, and I of course, ashamed to have been non-plushed, chimed in with,

"Bear a hand, and about it smartly!"

"Knock off the guns!" said my new friend, "Stand by—cant 'em round—all ready there forward!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Fire away then!"

I had screwed myself up to concert pitch to hear the explosion; but instead of the guns going off, I was surprised to hear all my friends bursting out into a laugh that seemed to be a direct insult to me, so I addressed them with,

"I will tell you what it is, my fine fellows, if you do not put your helm up, and stand by to run right up to the top of the square-sail in less than no time, I will have you all confined in the court martial, as I am an officer and a gentleman!"

Having thus expectorated my spleen, and shown them who it was they had to deal with, I prepared to evacuate the ground, as I felt myself scarcely equal to carry on the dialogue. My brother officer turned round and severely reprimanded the military; and then joining me, took my arm, and requested to know to what ship I belonged, at the same time expressing a wish to improve my acquaintance. He told me that he had made physiognomy a study, and had never seen so fine a development of countenance as mine; indeed he might say that he had dabbled in bumpology, and could at once inform me in what part of the service I was likely to succeed: if I would but permit him, he thought that he might be of some service to me in this way. He then twitched off my cap, and proceeded to demonstrate.

"Hem! a large organ of boarding.—Well, I never! I say, messmate, have you met with an accident here! the organ of rising in the service most prominent! Destruction clearly marked! A most prominent indication of secretiveness; why you'll be a treasure to the mess!"

"Mess, sir!" said I, bristling up, "what d'ye mean?"

"Why that you are a broth of a boy, as the Kilkenny cats are in the habit of observing; and that you'll prig bottles of wine from the gunroom, till all's blue again. But I'll tell you what it is my hearty, we'd better get on board, for the chancellor of the exchequer has issued orders to that effect."

"No, you don't say so!"

"Yes, but I do, though; so we'll get into the gig, and be on board in the twinkling of a bed-post!"

"In a gig! None of your tricks upon travellers; I'm up to snuff my fine fellow!"

"Ay, and a pinch or two over; we shan't do you in a hurry, I see!"

I felt invigorated by this compliment, and accompanied my new friend down to the Point, where we stepped into a boat and shoved off. He soon pointed out to me a black-looking ship with two masts, which he informed me was H.M.S. Outrageous, of one hundred and twenty guns, only the guns were not yet on board. There were a number of dark men in tarpaulin hats, hauling sacks of coals up the side; he observed, as a matter of course, that the junior lieutenants had taken more than usual exercise this morning. As my cue was not to be surprised at any thing, I contented myself with agreeing with him, and we pulled up alongside. My friend observed that the companion-ladder had been removed in consequence of the equinoctial gales, but that we could easily mount by means of a rope. In a few moments I had scrambled up the side, and every vein swelled with patriotic pride, as I trod for the first time the quarter-deck of my gallant ship.

My gentle public, when you were a boy, (I speak of you collectively,) was it ever your fate in those halcyon days, when a nail brush and a dancing-master were things "to dream of not to tell;" when you despised your sisters because they were girls, and liked lollypops and Bonaparte's ribs because they were sweet;—was it, I say, ever your fate to come across two compilations, or either of them, of which one was called *Tales of Terror*, the other *Legends of Horror*? In these were to be found Agnes, or the Bloody Nun, and the Field of the Forty Footsteps, in all their primal glory. You have, I am sure. Then you must remember that the style of conclusion to each number was this,—that they wound your infant mind up to the highest pitch of expectation, and then, when you had twisted one or more of the metal buttons off your bottle-green suit with intensity of interest, that you were let down short (like an upset at the corner of Hatton Garden, where the eight pennyworth of danger rises to its highest power,) by one of the conjunctions copulative or disjunctive.

The lady sate in that lone and distant turret, listening to the fitful sobbing of the moaning breeze; she clasped her infant to her breast, and looked at the clock, for well she knew that the fatal hour was come when that dark and malignant spirit might no more influence the destiny of Sir Bertoldo's heiress. The hand is now upon the hour! one second more, and she is safe!—one—only one! Merciful Heaven! a sound of footsteps is heard in the corridor, the door bursts open, and—

So, even so, by the malignity of that base and degrading editor is the public cut off from the conclusion of this gallant youth; all the sprces in Portsmouth, the metaphysical allusions to soap, the quarter-deck scene, the cockpit scene, the gunroom scene, the maintop scene, the nigger scene,

two shipwreck scenes, and one of famine—unmitigated famine, two battle scenes, and a ball at Bermuda!

A DAY'S RAMBLING UP THE THAMES.

As we passed Kew-Bridge our mind was filled with a multitude of confused thoughts, reminiscences intricately blended, of poetry and the poets; of Jeanie Deans, and the Duke of Argyle; of Richmond Hill, and the charms of its far-famed lass; and of "maids of honour"—the chief delicacies of the place,—which, with a carnivorous appetite, we longed to devour. But, as we approached nearer, our thoughts became more distinct, and finally fixed themselves upon the memory of James Thomson, the delightful bard of the Seasons, who is buried upon the spot. "O! yes," said we, quoting the ode of his friend Collins,

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore

When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,

And oft suspend the dashing oar,

To bid thy gentle spirit rest."

We were thus musing, when a merry strain now broke in upon our meditations. The band which had accompanied the steam-boat from London struck up the familiar air, "The Lass of Richmond Hill;" a custom which has been observed ever since steam-boats have plied in this part of the river, to give us notice that we were at our journey's end.

Without stopping to ascend the hill, we struck at once into the lower parts of the town, and, by dint of inquiry, found ourselves in a few moments in front of the ancient, humble, but, in our eyes, beautiful church of Richmond. We forthwith strolled through the churchyard, in search of the sexton or door-keeper, that we might give him his fee, and be admitted inside. One of the first objects that caught our attention was a neat marble tablet upon the wall, with a medallion head sculptured upon it, and inscribed with the simple words, "To the memory of Edmund Kean: erected by his son, Charles Edmund Kean, 1839." We paused a moment, and took off our hat, for we are of the number of those who pay reverence to the inanimate sod, and the senseless ashes beneath it, if those ashes have ever been warmed by the soul of genius, or of goodness. We are also of the number of those who are critical in monumental inscriptions, and we considered this brief one for awhile, and, owning that it was enough, passed on. After inquiry at one of the cottages that skirt the churchyard, we were directed next door, to the pew-opener, and that personage readily undertook to escort us over her little building; as important to her, and containing monuments as magnificent, and as well worth looking at, as either St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. If we were pleased with the outside appearance of the church, we were still better pleased when we entered within. It is an old-fashioned edifice, just large enough for a village, with a fine organ, neatly carved, and well-covered pews, and walls almost hidden by monumental tablets, and the whole looking as grand and modest as true piety itself.

Our cicerone, like one who was well accustomed to her task, was leading us round the church, beginning from the beginning, and showing us in due order the tombs of the worthies of Richmond, when we broke in upon her established practice, and requested her to point out at once the grave of Thomson. She led the way immediately to the darkest corner of the church, when, opening a pew-door, she bade us enter. We had heard much of the munificence of the Earl of Buchan in erecting a memorial over the poet's ashes, and we looked around us accordingly for some handsome piece of monumental marble, which might be worthy of the donor, and sufficient for its avowed purpose,—the satisfaction of the bard's admirers. We could not conceal the expression of our disappointment, when the pew-opener, bidding us mount upon the seat of the pew, pointed out to us a piece of copper about eighteen inches square, so out of the reach of the ordinary observer—so blackened by time—and so incrustured by the damp, that it was quite impossible to read one line of the inscription.

"Then you have not many visitors to this tomb?" said we to the pew-opener.

"O! yes, we have," replied she; "but they are not so particular as you, sir: not one in a hundred cares to read the inscription; they just look at it from below, and pass on."

We took out our pocket-handkerchief, and began to rub the damp verdigris from the copper as the pew-opener spoke; which she observing, mounted also upon the bench, and, taking her own handkerchief from her pocket, rubbed away with as much earnestness as we did. The dirt was an inch thick upon it; besides which, the letters were of the same colour as the plate on which they are engraven, so that, after all, we were afraid we should be obliged to give over the attempt as quite hopeless.

"There," she said, "now I think you will be able to read it," as she rust, by a vigorous application of her hands, was transferred from the tablet to her handkerchief. "I think you might manage to make it out, if you are particularly anxious about it."

We tried again accordingly, and, with some trouble, read the following inscription:—

"In the earth below this tablet are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems, entitled, 'The Seasons,' 'The Castle of Indolence,' &c., who died at Richmond on the 22nd of August, and was buried there on the 29th, O. S. 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

"Father of light and life! Thou good supreme!

Oh! teach me what is good! Teach me Thyself!

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit; and feed my soul

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

"We wish," said we to ourselves, "that his lordship's taste had been as good as his intentions, and that, instead of this trumpery piece of brass—which cannot have cost him much more than five pounds—he had put up a marble tablet, which one might have read without all this scrubbing."

How much better, too, it would have been, if his lordship had not obtruded his own name upon it!" If we had continued our soliloquy much longer, we should have found fault not only with the taste and liberality, but with the motives of his lordship; but we were saved from the uncharitableness by the pew-opener, who broke in upon our meditation to remind us that immediately under the pew on which we stood lay the ashes of the poet.

"What, was he buried within the church?" said we.

"No," replied the pew opener, "on the outside, just against the wall; but the church has been enlarged since that day to make room for the organ; so that the wall passes right across his coffin, and cuts the body in two, as it were."

"Cuts the body in two!" repeated we, "and, did no charitable soul, when this thing was proposed, so much as hint that the church might have been made a little larger, so that the whole body might have been brought inside?"

"I never inquired," said the pew-opener; "but, surely, sir, you'll go and see the grave of the great Mary Ann Yates? Lord bless you, sir, more people go to see that grave than any other in the church!"

"The great Mary Ann Yates!" said we in some perplexity; for, to our shame be it spoken, we had forgotten the name, and we did not like to expose our ignorance to the pew-opener. "Oh, by all means," said we, making the best of the matter, and following our conductress to the other end of the church towards the communion-table.

"There," said the pew-opener, removing a small mat with her foot, and directing our attention to a plain slab on the floor, "there lies the body. Of course you've heard of her?"

We said nothing, but made a feint of being so engrossed with the epitaph as not to have heard the inquiry.

"She was very celebrated, I've been told," added she, after a pause; "and, indeed, I've heard that Mrs. Siddons was't anything like equal to her."

This observation enlightened us; our ignorance was cleared up. We gazed upon the grave of the great Mary Ann Yates,—the tragic actress. Mrs. Yates, so greatly admired in her day, and a woman of undoubted genius in the pursuit she had chosen. "And such," thought we, "is fame; a mere matter of circles and classes. Pilgrims come to the tomb of a person celebrated in one sphere, who are ignorant that in the next grave sleeps one who was just as celebrated in another, and who did not even know that such a person ever existed. The worshippers of poetry never heard of the actress; the admirers of the actress, in all probability, never heard of the poet; and so on, through all the various ranks and denominations of society." We were thus cogitating, when the pew-opener told us that she had some other very fine tombs to show us, and with such an emphasis upon the word *fine*, as impressed us with the notion that she would think we slighted her monuments, (and she was evidently proud of them,) if we refused to look at them. We went round accordingly, and up into the galleries, where several tablets were pointed out to us, with warm eulogia upon the sculptured cherubim, or other ornaments that supported them. But one only struck us as remarkable, a plain blue stone, with a Latin inscription to the memory of Robert Lewes, a Cambro Briton and a lawyer, who died in the year 1649, "and who," said the epitaph, "was such a great lover of peace and quiet, that when a contention began in his body between life and death, he immediately gave up the ghost to end the dispute." There is wit and humour even in the grave. There is an entertaining French work, entitled "*Des grands Hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*;" one as entertaining might be made upon the subject of "Wit among the tombstones." It would not be uninteresting either, and would afford numberless illustrations of that unaccountable propensity of many people to choose the most solemn things as the objects of their merriment. The richest comedy ever penned fails to excite more laughter than the lugubrious jokes of the grave-diggers in Hamlet; and sextons, mutes, and undertakers, are the legitimate butts of the jester and caricaturist all over the world.

Having lingered in the church until we had satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded towards Rosedale House, where Thomson resided, and where the chair on which he sat, the table on which he wrote, and the peg on which he hung his hat, are religiously preserved, as relics of departed genius. Greatly to our sorrow, we were unable to procure admission. It was an inconvenient hour for the family, and we had not come properly provided with an introduction. There was no help for it, and we therefore walked on towards the Green. The house, after the poet's death, was purchased by a Mr. Ross, who had so much veneration for his memory, that he forbore to pull it down, though small and inconvenient, but enlarged and repaired it, at an expense of nine thousand pounds. It was afterwards inhabited by the Honourable Mrs. Boscawen, the widow of the admiral, who participated in this feeling of her predecessor, and repaired the alcove in the garden, where the poet used to write in the fine weather. Within it she replaced his table, and inscribed over the entrance,

"Here Thomson sung the seasons, and their change."

Over the back seat at this table hangs a board, upon one side of which are the following words, "James Thomson died at this place, August 22nd, 1748;" and, upon the other, a longer memorial, with a strange and unpleasant affectation of fine writing about it, which runs as follows:—"Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul, in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable 'Seasons.' Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the Universe, its flame glowing through all its compositions, animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow-creatures, save by his death, which happened at this place on the 22nd of August, 1748."

From Rosedale House, the present name of this dwelling, we strolled up Kew Foot Lane, and soon arrived at the Green, a large open space, which does not belie its name, surrounded with many comfortable-looking houses, and rows of venerable trees.

The ancient palace of the Kings of England stood upon this spot. There

is little of it left now except the gateway, and that little offers nothing to satisfy the gaze of any but the mere antiquary. It does not look old and venerable enough for the lover of the picturesque, being so patched up by and wedged in between surrounding houses as to have almost lost its distinctive character.—Several kings and queens of England lived and died upon this spot, Edward I. and Edward II. resided here, and Edward III. died here, deserted in that last hour by all the flatterers and parasites who had fattened upon his bounty; even Alice Pierce, the mistress of his bosom, flying from his side, and leaving him to die with no more attendance than if he had been a beggar, giving up the ghost in a ditch. Richard II. the next king, passed much of his time at this manor; in whose days, at Sheen, as we are informed by that voracious chronicler, Stowe, "there was a great fighting among the gnats!" They were so thick gathered," says he, "that the air was darkened with them, and they fought and made a great battle. Two parts of them being slain, fell down to the ground, the third part having got the victory, flew away, no man knew whither. The number of the dead was such that they might be swept up with besoms, and busbels filled with them." With what a gusto does the old historian describe this battle! how persuaded he seems of its truth! and, with what a relish for the marvellous, and expectation to find the same in his reader, does he note every circumstance! Many of the battles between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, are dismissed by him with hardly more notice.

Anne, the queen of Richard II. died in this building. She was so tenderly beloved by her husband, that he cursed the place where she died, and would never afterwards inhabit it. The very sight of the building so moved him to grief, that he gave directions that it should be pulled down. The order was only partially executed, but the building remained in a ruinous condition until the time of Henry V. who repaired it, and founded three religious houses near it. It was destroyed by fire in the reign of Henry VII, who built it up again more magnificently than before, and first altered the name of the village from Sheen to Richmond, which it has ever since borne. Henry VIII. also resided here in the early part of his reign, and once instituted a grand tournament on the Green, at which he fought in disguise. He afterwards exchanged it with Wolsey, for the more magnificent palace of Hampton Court; but, after the fall and death of that minister, the palace again reverted to the crown. Elizabeth was confined in it for a short time, during the reign of her sister, and here she died broken-hearted for the death of the Earl of Essex. During the dissensions of the revolution, this palace met some rough treatment from the hands of the republicans, and the greater part of it was pulled down. It has never since held up its head in the world, but has gradually pined away to its present condition.

There are few, and those few must be insensible to the charms of natural beauty, who ever pass Richmond without ascending its far-famed hill, and gazing upon the landscape which stretches beneath it.

We have read many descriptions of this favourite spot; and, before we had seen it we were almost afraid to visit it, for, like Wordsworth and the Yarrow, "we had a vision of our own," and dreaded lest the reality should "undo it." But curiosity was at last triumphant, and we went, and found reality more lovely than the pictures which had been drawn of her either by the pencil or the pen. The first time we ever ascended the hill, the landscape was illumined by the rays of a bright noon-tide sun, and the waters of the Thames, stretching out right before us, were illumined with a long streak of light, and the far forests gleamed in the radiance as their boughs were waved to and fro by a strong, but pleasant, south-west wind. Distant Windsor was visible; and, hundreds of neat villas, and other pleasing objects gratified the eye to whichever side it turned; the Thames freshening and enlivening the whole. As we stood the sky became overcast; dark clouds arose upon the horizon; the wind blew colder than its wont; while a few large drops of rain, gave notice of an impending storm. The Terrace was soon bare of its visitors; all sought shelter from the rain; but we remained to watch the tempest, and the changes it wrought upon the landscape. It was glorious to see how the trees waved, like fields of corn, as the storm blew over them, and the smart showers whirled around; now hiding one spot by the thickness of the rain, and now wheeling past another, and obscuring it in like manner. The distant heights were no longer visible, and we could just see the Thames winding at the foot of the hill, and curling itself into tiny waves under the breath of the storm. The blossoms of the wild chesnut trees fell thick around us, as we stood, diffusing a more delicious fragrance through the air; and the very dust of the ground seemed odorous as the moisture fell upon it. Suddenly there was a flash right over Windsor Castle, and all its towers were perceptible for an instant, and then hidden again. Successive flashes illumined other spots; and, while the rain was piercing through our garments, we had no other thought than a strong desire to become an artist by the inspiration of the moment, and at one touch of our pencil, to fasten upon enduring canvass a faithful representation of the scene.

Descending the terrace, and crossing the bridge, how pleasant is the walk along the Middlesex bank of the river to the village of Twickenham, and its old grey church, where Pope lies buried! But pleasanter still is it to take a boat, and be rowed up the middle of the stream, unlocking the stores of memory as we pass, and saying to ourselves, "Here, on the right, lived Bacon. Yonder, at West Sheen, lived Sir William Temple; and there was born the celebrated Stella; and at the same place Swift first made her acquaintance. And here, again, is Marble Hall, where the beautiful Lady Suffolk kept open house for all the wits of the neighbourhood."

Among the most conspicuous of the places we pass there is a neat little rural hut, called Gay's Summer-house, where, according to tradition, that amiable poet wrote his celebrated fables for the infant Duke of Cumberland, currying court favour, but getting nothing but neglect for his pains. "Dear Pope," he wrote to his brother poet, "what a barren soil I have been striving to produce something out of! Why did I not take your advice before my writing fables for the Duke, not to write them, or rather to write them for some young nobleman. It is my hard fate,—I must get nothing, write for or against them."—Poor Gay!

Yet one cannot help thinking, after all, that it served him right; for ac-

cording to his own confession, he was ready to wield his pen either for or against the court as might be most profitable. Who but must regret that a man of genius should ever have been reduced to so pitiful an extremity? Who but must sigh that he should, even to his bosom friend have made such a confession?

At a short distance beyond Gay's Summer house, and on the same side of the river, stands Ham House, formerly the residence of the noted Duke of Lauderdale, and where he and his four colleagues, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, and Arlington, held those secret meetings, which acquired for them a name infamous in English history, the Cabal,—a word which their initials happened to compose. In the house, now the residence of the Countess of Dysart, are preserved many memorials of the Lauderdale family. According to tradition, this is one of the places in which Charles the Second took refuge after the battle of Worcester; and it is also said that the great gate leading to the Ham avenue, has never been opened to any meaner visitor since the hour when the fugitive king, after he left the wood of Boscabel, was admitted within it for a night's shelter. Another tradition, which is at all more questionable, asserts that here also, as at Boscabel, he hid himself among the branches of an oak to escape a party of his eager pursuers. A shattered trunk of a tree in Ham Lane was formerly shown to the visitor as the identical royal oak; and a fair which is annually held on the spot on the 29th of May has tended to countenance the belief among the people of the neighbourhood, who have no notion that any incredulous and too precise examiner into dates and facts should deprive them of their traditions. However, "truth is strong," and truth compels us to say, that their royal oak is only a counterfeit.

Just before we arrive at Twickenham, there is a small island in the middle of the river, called by some "Twickenham Ait," but better known to the people of London as "Eel-pie Island." The tavern upon the island is famous for its eels, and the mode of dressing them, and during the summer season is visited by great crowds from the metropolis. Clubs, benefit societies, trades' unions, and other confederations, frequently proceed thither, each member with his wife and children, or his sweetheart to feast upon the dainties of the spot. On a fine Sunday especially, Eel-pie Island is in all its glory, thronged with "spruce citizens," "washed artisans," and "sinug apprentices," who repair hither, as Byron has it, "to gulp their weekly air,"

"And o'er the Thames to row the ribbon'd fair,"

or to wander in the park, which, thanks to the public spirit of one humble individual, is still open to every pedestrian. Though somewhat of an episode, the history of the right of way through this pleasant park is deserving of mention. In the year 1758, the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, who was ranger, thought fit to exclude the public; but an action was brought against her by Mr. John Lewis, a brewer, and inhabitant of Richmond, which he gained, and the princess was forced to knock down her barriers. The public right has never since been disputed, and the memory of the patriotic brewer is still highly esteemed in all the neighbourhood, and his portraits sought after, as memorials of his courage and perseverance.

But to return again to Eel-pie Island. The place was the favourite resort of Kean for a few months before his death. The boatman we were fortunate enough to hire was the boatman generally employed by the great actor, and from him we learned, that after the fatigues of the night were over at the theatre, he often caused himself to be rowed to Eel-pie Island, and there left to wander about by moonlight till two or three o'clock in the morning. The tavern used at that time to be frequented by a poetical sawyer of Twickenham, whose poetry Kean greatly admired. The first time he heard the sawyer's rhymes, he was so delighted that he made him a present of two sovereigns, and urged him to venture upon the dangerous seas of authorship. By his advice the sawyer rushed into print, and published a twopenny volume upon the beauties of Eel-pie Island, the delights of pie-eating, and various other matters of local and general interest. Kean at this time was so weak, that it was necessary to lift him in and out of the wherry,—a circumstance which excited the boatman's curiosity to go and see him in Richard the Third at the Richmond theatre.—"There was some difference then, I reckon," said the honest fellow; "so much, that I was almost frightened at him. He seemed on the stage to be as strong as a giant, and strutted about so bravely, that I could scarcely believe it was the same man. Next morning he would come into my boat with a bottle of brandy in his coat-pocket, as weak as a child, until he had drunk about half the brandy, when he plucked up a little. One morning he came on board,—I shall never forget him,—he was crying like a child, and sobbing as if his heart was breaking,—'twas the morning when his 'lady' ran away from him, and he told me all about it as well as he could for his tears. He had a bottle of brandy with him then. He gave me a quarter of it, and drank all the rest before we got to Twickenham, and then he was much better. But he was never the same man afterwards; he said his heart was broken; and I believe it was, for he never held up his head again, poor fellow!"

We thought the boatman (we should mention his name—George Cripps) seemed affected at the thought, and we asked if Kean had been kind to him.

"Many's the time," replied he, "that I have carried him in my arms in and out of the boat, as if he were a baby:—but he wasn't particularly kind. He always paid me my fare, and never grumbled at it, and was very familiar and free-like. But all the watermen were fond of him. He gave a new boat and a purse of sovereigns to be rowed for every year."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said we.

"When he died," continued the boatman, "a great many of the watermen subscribed their little mite towards his monument."

"Was there much gathered?" inquired we.

"About seven or eight hundred pounds, I think," replied the boatman, "and it was to have been placed in Richmond church; but we hear nothing of it now, or whether it's ever to be erected at all. But here we are, sir, at Twickenham church; and if you please to step ashore, I'll wait for you, and then row you up to the Grotto."

This was exactly the arrangement that suited us, and we walked into

the dirty village of Twickenham, to pay our homage at the grave of Pope.

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI.

THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ. TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ., ON THE SINKING OF THE VENGEUR.

DEAR YORKE,—Shall we now overhaul that story of the *sinking of the Vengur*, a little; and let a discerning public judge of the same? I will endeavour to begin at the beginning, and not to end till I have got to some conclusion. As many readers are probably in the dark, and young persons may not have so much as heard of the *Vengur*, we had perhaps better take up the matter *ab ovo*, and study to carry uninstructed mankind comfortably along with us *ad mala*.

I find, therefore, worthy Yorke, in searching through old files of newspapers, and other musty articles, as I have been obliged to do, that on the evening of the 10th of June, 1794, a brilliant audience was, as often happens, assembled at the Opera House here in London. Radiance of various kinds, and melody of fiddle-strings and windpipes, cartilaginous or metallic, was filling all the place,—when an unknown individual entered with a wet newspaper in his pocket, and tidings that Lord Howe and the English fleet had come up with Villaret-Joyeuse and the French, off the coast of Brest, and gained a signal victory over him. The agitation spread from bench to bench, from box to box; so that the wet newspaper had finally to be read from the stage, and all the musical instruments, human and other, had to strike up *Rule Britannia*, the brilliant audience all standing, and such of them as had talent joining in the chorus,—before the usual *squallacci* melody, natural to the place, could be allowed to proceed again. This was the first intimation men had of Howe's victory of the 1st of June; on the following evening London was illuminated: the *Gazette* had been published,—some six ships taken, and a seventh, named *Vengur*, which had been sunk; a very glorious victory: and the joy of people's minds was considerable.

For the remainder of that month of June, 1794, and over into July, the newspapers enliven themselves with the usual succession of despatches, private narratives, anecdotes, commentaries, and rectifications; unfolding gradually, as their way is, how the matter has actually passed; till each reader may form some tolerably complete image of it, till each at least has had enough of it; and the glorious victory submerges in the general flood, giving place to other glories. Of the *Vengur* that sank there want not anecdotes, though they are not of a very prominent kind. The *Vengur*, it seems, was engaged with the *Brunswick*; the *Brunswick* had stuck close to her, and the fight was very hot; indeed, the two ships were hooked together by the *Brunswick's* anchors, and stuck so till the *Vengur* had got enough; but the anchors at last gave way, and the *Brunswick*, herself much disabled, drifted to leeward of the enemy's flying ships, and had to run before the wind, and so escape them. The *Vengur*, entirely powerless, was taken possession of by the *Alfred*, by the *Culloden*, or by both of them together; and sank after not many minutes. All this is in the English newspapers; this, so far as we are concerned, is the English version of Howe's victory,—in which the sinking *Vengur* is noticeable, but plays no pre-eminently distinguished part.

The same English newspapers publish, as they receive them, generally without any commentary whatever, the successive French versions of the matter. The French Convention was now sitting, in its Reign of Terror, fighting for life and death, with all weapons, against all men. The French Convention had of course to give its own version of this matter, the best it could. Barrere was the man to do that. On the 15th of June, accordingly, Barrere reports that it was a glorious victory for France; that the fight, indeed, was sharp, and not unattended with loss, the *ennemis du genre humain* being *acharnés* against us; but that, nevertheless, these gallant French war-ships did so shatter and astonish the enemy on the 1st of June and the preceding days, that the enemy shore off; and, on the morrow, our invaluable American cargo of naval stores, safely stowed in the fleet of transport-ships, got safe through;—which latter statement is a fact, the transport-ships having actually escaped unmolested; they sailed over the very place of battle, saw the wreck of burnt and shattered things, and knew that a battle had been. By degrees, however, it becomes impossible to conceal that the glorious victory for France has yielded six captured ships of war to the English, and one to the briny maw of Ocean; that, in short, the glorious victory has been what in unofficial language is called a sheer defeat. Whereupon, after some recriminating and flourishing from Jean-Bon St. André and others, how the captain of the *Jacotin* behaved ill, and various men and things behaved ill, conspiring to tarnish the laurels of the Republic,—Barrere adroitly takes a new tack; will shew that if we French did not beat, we did better, and are a spectacle for the very gods. Fixing on the sunk *Vengur*, Barrere publishes his famed *Rapport du 21 Messidor* (9th July, 1794,) setting forth how Republican valour, conquered by unjust fortune, did nevertheless in dying earn a glory that will never die, but flame there forever as a symbol and prophecy of victories without end; how the *Vengur*, in short, being entirely disabled, and incapable of commonplace fight, flew desperate, and refused to strike, though sinking; how the enemies fired on her, but she returned their fire, shot aloft all her tricolor streamers, shouted *Vive la République*; nay, fired the guns of her upper deck when the lower decks were already sunk; and so, in this mad whirlwind of fire and shouting, and invincible despair, went down into the ocean depths; *Vive la République* and a universal volley from the upper deck being the last sounds she made. This report, too, is translated accurately in the *Morning Chronicle*, and published without the smallest commentary there. The *Vengur* with all her crew being down in the depths of ocean, it is not of course they that can vouch for this heroic feat; neither is it the other French, who had all fled by that time: no, the testimony is still more indubitable, that of our enemies themselves; it is "from the English newspapers" that Barrere professes to have gathered these heart-inspiring details, the candour even of these *ennemis acharnés* could not conceal them,—which, therefore, let all Frenchmen believe as a degree truer than truth itself, and

rejoice in it accordingly. To all this, as was said, the English newspapers seem to have made no reply whatever.

The French, justly proud of so heroic a feat, a degree truer than truth itself, did make, and have ever since continued to make, what demonstration was fit. Convention decrees were solemnly passed about this suicidal *Vengeur*; the deathless suicidal *Vengeur* is written deep in innumerable French songs and psalmodies; a wooden model of the *Vengeur*, solemnly consecrated in the Pantheon of Great Men, beckoned figuratively from its peg, "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!*"—and hangs there, or in the *Musée Naval*, beckoning, I believe, at this hour. In an age of miracles, such as the Reign of Terror, one knows not at first view what is incredible: such loud universal proclamation, and the silence of the English, (little interested, indeed, to deny,) seem to have produced an almost universal belief both in France and here. Doubts, I now find, were more than once started by sceptics even among the French,—in a suitable low tone; but the "solemn Convention decrees," the wooden "*modèle du Vengeur*" hanging visible there, the "glory of France!" Such doubts were instantly blown away again; and the heroic feat, like a mirror-shadow wiped, not wiped out, remained only the clearer for them.

Very many years ago, in some worthless English history of the French Revolution, the first that had come in my way, I read this incident; coldly recorded, without controversy, without favour or feud; and, naturally enough, it burnt itself indelibly into the boyish imagination; and indeed is, with the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, all that I now remember of that same worthless English history. Coming afterwards to write of the French Revolution myself; finding this story so solemnly authenticated, and not knowing that, in its intrinsic character, it had ever been so much as questioned, I wrote it down nothing doubting, as other English writers had done;—the fruit of which, happily now got to maturity so far as I am concerned, you are here to see ripen itself, by the following stages. Take first the *corpus delicti*:

Extract from Carlyle's "*French Revolution*" (vol. iii. p. 335).

"But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* ship, she neither strikes nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking—Strong are ye, Tyrants of the Sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft; the whole crew crowds the upper deck; and, with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity."

Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths to a Private Friend (penes me).

"Since you request it, I send you the state of the actual fact as respects the sinking of the *Vengeur* after the action of the 1st of June, 1794.

"I was fourth lieutenant in the Culloden in that action. Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, vol. iii. p. 335, gives, in his own peculiar style, the same account of it that was published to the world under the influence of the French government for political and exciting purposes; and which has recently been reiterated by a French author. Mr. Carlyle, in adopting these authorities, has given English testimony to the farce; farce I call it,—for, with the exception of the *Vengeur* 'sinking,' there is not one word of fact in the narration. I will first review it in detail:—

"The *Vengeur* neither strikes nor makes off.' She *did both*. She made off as well as her disabled state admitted, and was actually taken in tow by a French eighteen-gun brig; which cast her off, on the Culloden, Alfred and two or three others approaching to take possession of her. 'Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies.' Wicked indeed would it have been to have fired into her, a sinking ship with colours down; and I can positively assert not a gun was fired at her for an hour before she was taken possession of. 'The *Vengeur* is sinking.' True. 'Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tri-colour that will yet run on rope fly rustling aloft.' Not one mast standing, not one rope on which to hoist or display a bit of tricolour, not one flag, or streamer, or ensign displayed; her colours down; and, for more than half an hour before she sunk, Captain Renaudin, and his son, &c., prisoners on board the Culloden,—on which I will by and by more especially particularise. 'The whole crew crowds the upper deck, and with universal soul-maddening yells, shout *Vive la République!*' Beyond the fact of the crew (except the wounded) being on the upper deck, not even the slightest, the most trivial semblance of truth. Not one shout beyond that of horror and despair. At the moment of her sinking we had on board the Culloden, and in our boats then at the wreck, 127 of her crew, including the Captain. The Alfred had many; I believe about 100: Lieutenant Winne, in command of a hired cutter, a number; I think, 49. 'Down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.' Bah! answered above.

"I have thus reviewed Mr. Carlyle's statement; I now add the particulars of the fact. The *Vengeur* totally dismasted, going off before the wind, under her sprit-sail, &c.; five sail of the line come up with her, the Culloden and Alfred two of these. Her colours down, Lieutenant Richard Deschamps, first of the Alfred, I believe, took possession of her. The next boat on board was the Culloden's, Lieut. Rotheram, who died one of the Captains of Greenwich Hospital. Deschamps went up the side. Rotheram got in at the lower-deck port, saw that the ship was sinking, and went thence to the quarter-deck. I am not positive which boat got first on board. Rotheram returned with Captain Renaudin, his son, and one man; and reported her state, whereupon other boats were sent. The *Vengeur*'s main yard was laying across her decks; Rotheram, &c., descended from its larboard yard-arm, by the yard-tackle pendant; and I personally heard him report to Captain Schomberg the *Vengeur*'s state, 'That he could not place a two-feet rule in any direction, he thought, that would not touch two shot-holes.' Except the Purser, Mr. Oliver, who was engaged in arranging the prisoners in classes, &c., as they came on board, I was the only officer who knew any French, and mine very so-

so. Captain Schomberg said: 'You understand French; take Renaudin and his son into the cabin, and divert his mind from attention to his ship while sinking.' Having been in presence of the French fleet for three days prior to the action, the accustomed cooking had not gone on; the galley fire was little lighted. But the captain, foreseeing, had a cold mutton-pie standing by; this, with wine, was ordered for us; and I was actually eating it with Renaudin, a prisoner in Captain Schomberg's cabin, when a bustle on deck made us start up; we ran to the starboard quarter-gallery, and saw the *Vengeur*, then say a stone's-throw from us, sink. These are the facts.

"Sept. 17, 1838.

"A. W. GRIFFITHS.

"I have said I am not certain which boat took possession; and I gave it to the Alfred, because there arises so much silly squabbling on these trifles. But from Rotheram taking the Captain, it seems probable the Culloden's boat was first. A matter, however, of no moment."

Such a document as this was not of a sort to be left dormant; doubt could not sleep on it; doubt, unless effectually contradicted, had no refuge but to hasten to denial. I immediately applied to Admiral Griffiths for leave to publish this new letter, or such portions of it as might seem needful.

From Admiral Griffiths I received, without delay, the requisite permission; and this under terms and restrictions, which only did him further honour, and confirmed, if there had been need of that, one's conviction of his perfect candour as witness on the matter. His letter to me is too remarkable not to be inserted here; as illustrative of this controversy; nay, especially if we consider the curious appendix he has added, as conclusive of it. I have not his express permission to print this; but will venture to believe that I have a certain implied discretionary permission, which, without my troubling him with further applications, may suffice:

Letter of Rear-Admiral Griffiths to T. Carlyle.

"Sir,—I have received a Letter from ———; of which follows an extract:—

"In reply to the above, I have to say that you are at full liberty to use the account I sent you, or that published in the *Sun* Paper, and copied thence into the *Globe*, *Morning Post*, *John Bull*, &c.; and to quote me as your authority. But as I have no desire for controversy, or to be made unnecessarily conspicuous, I do not assent to its being published in any other language or Papers, as so put forth by me.

"I never deemed it worth one thought to awaken the French from their dream of glory in this case; and should have still preserved silence, had not Mr. Alison and yourself given it the weight of English authority. What I abstained from doing for forty-four years, I feel no disposition to engage in now. So far as I am an active party, I confine my interference to our side of the water; leaving you to do as you see fit on the other.

"The statement, I have already made in the case is abundant. But I will put you in possession of other facts. The action over; the British fleet brought-to; the French making all sail, and running before the wind; their dismasted hulks having also got before the wind, and following them;—the *Vengeur* being the sternmost, having a French jack flying on the stump of the foremast, Captain Duckworth of H.M.S. Orion, ordered the first lieutenant, Mr. Meares himself, to fire a shot over her. This Lieut. Meares did, and the *Vengeur* hauled down the flag!

"For his gallant conduct in that action, on his return to France, Capt. Renaudin, who commanded the *Vengeur*, was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and his flag was flying at Toulon on board the *Tonnant*, when I was first lieutenant of the Culloden blockading that port. I wrote to remind him of the treatment he had met with when prisoner on board the Culloden; and soliciting his kindness towards Lieutenant Hills, who had been taken in H.M.S. Berwick, and being recognised as having, in command of a battery at Toulon, at the period of its evacuation, wounded a Frenchman,—was very ill-used. Renaudin's letter now lies before me; and does him much honour, as, during the fervor of that period, it was a dangerous sin to hold intercourse with us. I send you a copy; it is in English.

"I am, Sir, very faithfully yours,

"A. J. GRIFFITHS."

Here next is the "curious appendix" we spoke of; which might itself be conclusive of this controversy:

Copy of Rear-Admiral Renaudin's Letter.

"On board of the ship *Tonnant*, Bay of Toulon, the seventeenth Vendémiaire, fourth year of the French Republic.

"I have, sir, received the favour of your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for the interest you have taken to my promotion. I'll never forget the attention you have paid me, as well on board the Culloden as when going to prison. I wish you should be well persuaded that your generosity and sensibility will be for ever present to my mind, and that I can't be satisfied before it will be in my power to prove you my gratitude. If your friend, Lieut. Hill, had not already gone back home, I should have returned to him all the attention you have been so good to pay me. I'll be always sincerely satisfied when it will be in my power to be of some use to any of the officers of the English navy, that the circumstances of war will carry in my country, and particularly to them that you will denote me as your friends.

"Be so good as take notice of our French officers that you have prisoners, and particularly to Captain Condé that has been taken on the ship *Ca-ira*. Please to remember to Captain Schomberg, to Mr. Oliver, and to all the rest of the officers that I have known on board of the Culloden. May the peace between our nations give leave to your grateful Renaudin to entertain along with you a longer and easier correspondence.

"Addressed, 'To Lieutenant Griffiths, on board of the Culloden, Florenzo Bay, Corse Island.'"

I conclude, dear Yorke, with an expression of amazement over this same "*glorieuse affaire du Vengeur*;" in which truly much courage was manifested; but no unparalleled courage except that of Barrière in his Report of the 21st Messidor, year 2. That a son of Adam should venture on constructing so majestic a piece of *blague*, and hang it out dexterously, like the Earth itself, on *Nothing*, to be believed and venerated by

twenty-five million sons of Adam for such a length of time, the basis of it all the while being simply Zero and Nonentity; there is in this a greatness, nay a kind of sublimity that strikes us silent,—as if “the Infinite disclosed itself,” and we had a glimpse of the ancient Reign of Chaos and Nox! Miraculous Mahomet, Apollonius with the Golden Thigh, Mendez Pinto, Munchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar seem but butchers in comparison.

It was a successful lie too! It made the French fight better in that struggle of theirs! Yes, Mr. Yorke;—and yet withal there is no lie, in the long run, successful. The hour of all windbags does arrive; every windbag is at length ripped, and collapses; likewise the larger and older any ripped windbag is, the more fetid and extensive is the gas emitted therefrom. The French people had better have been content with their real fighting. Next time the French Government publishes miraculous bulletins, the very *badauds* will be slower to believe them; one sees not what sanction, by solemn legislative decree, by songs, ceremonials, wooden emblems, will suffice to produce belief. Of Nothing you can, in the long run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.

But ought not the French Nation to hook down that wooden “*modèle du Vengeur*,” now at this late date; and, in a quiet way, split it into brimstone lucifers! The French Nation will take its own method in that.

As for Rear-Admiral Griffiths, we will say that he has, in his veteran years, done one other manful service: extinguished a Falsehood, sent a Falsehood to the Father of it, made the world free of it henceforth. For which let him accept our respectful thanks. I, having once been led to assert the fable, hold myself bound, on all fit occasions, to unassert it with equal emphasis. Till it please to disappear altogether from the world, as it ought to do, let it lie, as a copper shilling, nailed to the counter, and seen by all customers to be copper.

10th June, 1839.

T. CARLYLE.

P.S.—Curiously enough, while this is passing through the press, there appears in some French newspaper called *Chronique Universelle*, and is copied conspicuously into the *Paris National* (du 10 Juin, 1839), an article headed “*Six Matelots du Vengeur*.” Six old sailors of the *Vengeur*, it appears, still survive, seemingly in the Bourdeaux region, in straitened circumstances; whom the editor, with sure hope here points out to the notice of the charitable;—on which occasion, as is natural, Barrère’s *blague* once more comes into play, not a whit worse for the wear, nay, if anything, rather fresher than ever. Shall we send these brave old weather-beaten men a trifle of money, and request the Mayor of Mornac to take their affidavit?

“Nothing in them but doth suffer a sea-change

Into something new and strange!”

Surely the *blague*, if natural, is not essential in their case. Old men that have fought for France ought to be assisted by France, even though they did not drown themselves after battle.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

AFTER THE GERMAN MANNER.

Gray evening twilight has departed, and night, cloud-wrapped, descends upon the earth. It is the season for stillness and repose—the hour in which man, sleep-folded, should resign himself to mimic death, throwing aside the portmanteau of his cares, and pillowing his head in some little chamber, blind-shaded from the peeping stars. But not in great cities does repose come with the night-birth; rather an increase of the turmoil, a bubbling up, as it were, of the seething-pot, makes itself manifest. Let us walk forth through the bustling street—’tis the last day of the seven—the sabbath of child-devouring Jew. On this day do careful housewives provide the next day’s food: for now wage-money and drink-money are received; soon to be flesh-bartered, or, with some, exchanged for vegetables and bread, for, with the mass, silver is scarce enough. Come with me along this road-path, and let us observe the varied industries which, ant-like, swarm around. This is the New Cut, which to some is as the great bazaar, the treasure-house, wherein all good things are stored—food, clothing, warmth, all life elements, are here combined. See with flesh-hook in hand, clad, as to his outward man, in blue linen coat, say rather gaberdine, stands the butcher, he whose province it is to slay for others, taking upon himself the bloodstain of the multitude, as the scape-goat (Azazel) of ancient Jewry took upon its own back the sins of a tribe. Nor afar stand his assistants; open-mouthed, brawling and brattling, as they recommend, with leather-lunged energy, their wares; each, with cleaver ready to his grasp, sharpening, upon girdle-suspended steel, the knife, breath-stayer, which, having killed, is now ready to dissect the inanimate flesh; and on the narrow foot pavement front-skirting his shop, old age and penury hold forth their hands, tendering hard-earned pence, wrung by brow-sweat and heart-toil from the bond-masters of the world; and beside, the sausage vender, conglomerator of fat substances, engine-reduced to chaotic admixture, gristle and muscle adhering to the triturated meat, the savoury fume whereof ascends serpentwise towards the blue heaven, but falls again, seeming fit type of aspirations which tend sky-ward, but, clogged by earth-ballast, cannot free themselves from the burthen of the material world; and all these, pride-puffed, and great in their own estimation, as bipeds full of substance, wearing pouches metal-lined, by power of which idol, Mammon enables them to lord it over the empty of their kind, stand before their doors, calling, with voice not unimbued with a certain poetry, upon the wandering by; taking not the refusal of poor mute looks, telling of sieve-pockets, wherein little grain has fallen, and that little scarce remained, but bellowing forth their mercenary invitations, offering fairly, but looking for a cent. per cent. return. And again, midway between the two pavements, are lions—no bull-necked, light-quartered kings of the forest green, mouse-leaping from deep thicket on their prey, till, like he of Nemean growth, some Hercules, despoils them of their robe—but tin tabernacles, equiposed upon quadruped legs, wherein the mysteries of cook-science are hourly evolved; through whose means the dough-paste becomes crisp, and the sheep-stolen kidney waxes warm; while, as an outward sign, painted on the transparent glass, profanely jo-

cular, smiles one, dressed in no lay (or secular) garment, who, motto-wise, speaks words, saying that he has eaten of the fat, and become fat. Nor does meat alone, in varied shapes, invite the eye; food undiluted fits not work-parched man. By sea and by earth have Adam-children suffered; famine has written with gaunt and desolating hand upon their bloodless brows; hostile armaments have swept them off, and the wild insect (locusta) has preyed upon their vitals; but drought has ever been by them considered their arch fiend. So, smoke-coffee stalls, at irregular intervals along the road, wherewith to slake thirst, dust-born—and, colossal rivals of these, rise stucco palaces, devil-built, with Janus-expanding gates, but not speaking peace, rather riot and debauchery, where the white-fire stream runs over, and voice-wailing, gin-inspired, is perennially heard. Walk in with me from out the pure heaven light for a while: see yon yellow-tinted barrels, blue-lettered, with a history of the gallons they contain; even now are they Christmas-wreathed. The sacred holly, and the gem-dropped mistletoe twining about their tubular forms; so wreathed Eden flowers about the serpent shape, as, belly-crawling through the first gardens, he came to court our common mother Eve. There is a long row of plaster statues beyond; nymphs and goddesses, short cinctured, myrtle crowned, and in each hand a blazing torch upheld, shedding a clear light upon the scene, illuminating no godlike revels, but rather a constant rotatory whirl of drink-oblivion, from which no soul-glimmering ever escapes, refining the vapour-burthened air; behind the bar, white-shirted, coatless, stand the demon-proprietor and his assistants, speaking in strange cockney tongue, as they barter the maddening grain-juice for small copper coins; and in front (Himmel!) what a range! Sallow-visaged, and with seven days’ beard unshorn, lolls the pale mechanic, flannel-jacketed, his brows crowned with a rimless hat; his wife (the once-vision of his toil-won sleep, the solitary greenness of his youth, which was cast in stony places,) not leaning fondly on his arm, but few steps apart; a torrent of vituperation pouring from her lips—an oath-stream, rage-furnished and blasphemy-pointed, harping on old house-sores, spent jealousies, and squalid broils,—urging, while it shrinks from the unmanly blow—nor heeding the infant pauper, gin-suckled, and claiming to be her child, who clutches at her rent gown, in vain attempt to assert its presence, and claim its share of the body-and-soul-destroying draught. And see, old age, white-visaged, leans also over the counter, palsy-smitten, yet with fever-lust of drink, raging in red-encircled eye: while, tottering not with years, but brute-intoxication, passes the rag-decked harlot, to whom the fire-drink, rising upward to the brain, brings back some vague memory of purer years—time when possibly as the May-queen she tripped on village sward, or danced beneath the moon cloud-canopied, at which half-restored remembrance she sinks outside, on heel-worn doorsteps, and weeps. But hark, a sound of music from within: seated on wooden bench, swart minstrels draw fiddles from their green baize chrysalides, and ply their bows—anon the watery-toned clarinet mingles with their notes—from what seemed first on amorphous medley is shaped forth a reel—and then the shuffling of iron-shod feet, as still holding to the bar, whereat the treacherous liquor flows, men and women, Helot-like, simulate a feeble dance: but not as of old, when Indian Bacchus came triumphing, and song and dance grape-circled followed in his wake; for then were Peace and Amity, twin-sisters, leaping hand in hand:—now gaunt Contention breaks with hollow cry upon the music crash, and yet a few minutes, and noise of blows resounds; and blue-clad men enter, stern-visaged, with varnished hats, seeming helmets. These sweeping round, with truncheoned hands, speedily clear the space: women shriek, and children moan—men fall back, oath-burthened, but to return hydra-headed to the fray;—inglorious battle reigns a while till rightful authority prevails;—in dark station-house immured, till morning light, do prisoners pine. But the soul faints o’er such scenes: let us forth, and, exchanging the poisonous gas-breath for heaven-breezes, once more mingle in the throng. O Malthus! passion-spurning sage! how would thy wrinkled brow darken, didst thou behold this scene! Lo! myriads ever pouring, as from some vast vomitory ever full, or rather, as in theatrical exhibition, when some great army, art-multiplied, gyrates round and round the scene:—others sing strange sea-songs, flourishing on misshapen timber legs; and one, his head topped crown-wise with not unelaborate ship-model, prates of far lands, where blood-suns shine, and stars wax not dim as in our hemisphere, but twinkle emulous with the god of day: a poet he—no pale jingler of concordant sounds, thought empty; but one who in rude imagination conceives, and in stirring words brings forth great images (of men called lies)—such as Amphion dreamed and spoke, when yet the world was young. Beside him, as attracted by some occult affinity, the nature of which it is not in our clay-lore to understand, abides one who sells periwinkles—persecuted hermits—torn from their deep-green solitude, where in rock-mansions they had made their homes, to be here pin-extracted, to feed the hunger-gaping demon, man. Yet, some who speculate upon curiosity, Eve-grafted upon mankind, call the attention of cord-breeched urchin to the raree-show. Not Aladdin, when pausing at the threshold of enchanted cave, panted with more eagerness than this one, who penny tendering, and with anxious brow, awaits his turn, till planted at circular opening-glass guarded, his eye shall feast on the representation of some wide-spoken blood deed: whether Greenacre, limb-scattering monster, or Turpin, Ainsworth-sung, stand life-like on three-inch coloured paper before his view, what reck he! The excitement is the same: brute instinct, agape for horrors, fascinates him to the spot—the huge gore-blots which fleck the scene, have a charm for him; the bright blue coat, brass-buttoned, in which murder delights to be arrayed, is to him a mystery and a spell; nor till others come, pushing him aside, and taking his stand, can he tear himself from this rude life-stage.

Midway stands a theatre, Victoria-height, wherein melodrama, grave Melpomene’s unlawful child, holds court; strutting before pale shop-boys, who shout and clap their hands when the great goddess Liberty is named; and then, fear-quaking, hie them to their homes, lest haply hard masters, knowing of their absence, should strike or scold. But, lo! we have turned from the crowded thoroughfare, and stand alone. Let us towards the bridge:—there come not many, save those who, thought-ridden, seek a resting-place amid London turmoil—with these, ourselves. Here is no

arch hill-rising above the river, but a broad straight line, lamp-dotted, which, canopied as it is by the pure heaven star-spangled, might seem as an entrance to the hall of some elf queen, or rather to an imp's laboratory, about which, on giant shelves, hang, bottle-wise, great lanterns, red and blue. Here let us rest a while—shaking aside the dark realities in which we were so lately plunged. Here let us commune with the voice of running waters, and read the language of the waning moon. What says *she*, the heaven circle, to the flower on? We know not. Yet there is a harmony in his voice, as, lover-like, he reflects her silver beams, which tells of sympathies mysterious, unfathomable to mortal ken. And see! green Sirius dances in his sphere, even as in old days he danced above stunted tree-top, o'erlooking garden wall, in far lands—now, vibrating, falls statelily above the tide. And thus, as these not quite dumb symphonies mingle together, forming music to the apt ear of poetic loungeer, even now do the finer spirits rise within the heart, and leading us, child-like, by the hand, step by step, lure us on to gaze upon the *To come*. Not, however, always forward are the footsteps of imagination; rather doth it sometimes delight, retrograde, to seek the early places where youth-vision first took birth—rose-garlanded, gold-mantled, marking out their own bright path through a fancy heaven of their own; yet ever, whether on-looking, or as Gomorrah-fleeing Lot's wife, cleaving to the past—whether dwelling in the positive, which is gone by, or in the possible, within Time-granary yet stored, ever one form flits, angel-like through our dream. Yes! thou *Evanthe*! shade image (shattenbild) seldom seen, yet time loved, upon whose name I have called while standing on Moselle-spanning bridge, while the blue stream, mingling with the darker waters of goblin-haunted Rhine, flowed beneath my feet, and again the distant seven mountains' heads, when upon *Königleek*, (dread word!) Zoll Brücke, mighty-doomed Köln lay on either hand. There, in these night-visions, do I seek! What, though gulf-parted and heart-separated; what, though, if by my side, scant love-words, rather mockeries, might be upon thy lips, yet in this sky-dream may I see thee flower-decked, sweet-singing, and full of pleasant smiles. Nor, as stone after stone, the bright delusion easte rises before my sight, need I fear a change! Chimera-fortune asks no propitiation—no ring-sacrifice to be cast into the yawning flood. The within (der Innere) is to itself all—Cræsus-like, feeding upon its own wealth; but, unlike the Lydian king, subject to fate-influences, working for a fall. Then comes to me the undefined, unrotched melody of names—then doth the spirit, as the needle-tip, which in some huge compass (say life compass) points ever to the north, turn to the mystic combination of letters which form thy name—then doth *Evanthe* appear to me a less word, lip-spoken by many, its virtues understood by few, than as a type, whereof heart-smiles and soul-words are attributes, hiding in itself depths of holiness and bliss—a sound love-spoken by angelic tones, or perhaps itself a *plectrum*, striking upon the nerves and fibres, forming the living lyre, playing strange tunes in soft and solemn keys. Thus, while smoke-wrapped and musing, the dull hum of distant multitudes scarce murmurs to the ear, poor brain-weavers almost envy the thought-free sons of manual toil; when, lo! from steeple to steeple, upspringing, leaps the dread time-voice:—twelve strokes!—death-speaking, warning us that another life-fraction has expired—thought rousing apostolic number!—each clang, perfect in itself, yet forming a perfect all; leading the soul to high remembrance of the twelve whom Israel and Egypt saw, who walked this earth-planet with healing and life-speaking presence, till, one by one, they lay down, wrapping themselves in Hope-garment, and slept.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT DURER.

[When this great artist had arrived at the pinnacle of fame, he made a journey into the Low Countries, and the narrative he has written of it is so quaint and curious, and displays so well the man and his times, that we shall give a portion of it. The extract affords a striking picture of great artists in those ages. The curiosity and enthusiasm for art, and the imposing ceremonies of courts, the modesty and justice towards others, the triumphs, as well the disappointments and poverty, which Albert Durer here portrays, paint his character completely. We confess that it is a fine and noble life, that of *poor Albert Durer*, in spite of his adversities;—seated, with generous fraternity and affable simplicity, at the table of Kings, and receiving the homage paid to genius alone.]

"I, the poor Albert Durer," says he, "departed from Nuremberg at my own costs and expenses with my wife. We passed the night in a village of Bavaria, where we spent three pieces of silver, less three deniers. Thence we went to Antwerp. The following Sunday was the festival of St. Ouph: the corporation of painters invited me to a grand gala, with my wife and daughter. Vessels of silver, service of chrysal, excellent cheer—nothing was wanting. All the women were dressed in their holiday clothes; and when I was conducted to my place, the people crowded from both sides of the table, as if to see Mister Celebrity. Many people of quality were there,—princes and dukes, who received me with the best grace, and offered me their services and protection for whatever was useful to me. When I was seated the major domo of Messrs. d'Antorff came up to me, accompanied by two pages, and offered me, on the part of the Messrs. d'Antorff, four pints of wine, which those noble personages prayed me to drink immediately, and accept as a sign of high consideration. I submitted me to this loyal invitation, and protested my devotion to that illustrious family. Afterwards Master Peter, the carpenter of the town, came up to me, and presented me with two pints of wine, and the offer of his services. After having passed joyously the greater part of the night in drinking and singing, all the guests arose and accompanied me, with torches, to my abode, like a true Roman consul. I took leave of them at my door, after which I went to bed, and slept until a good hour in the morning. I was afterwards at the house of the Master Quentin Matsys. Herr Fischer has bought of me, on account of the Messrs. d'Antorff, six *images of the Passion*, for four florins; six others on the same subject,

but of smaller size, for three florins, besides twenty other half-sheets of all kinds, pell mell, for one florin. Item: I sold to my host a little image of the Virgin, painted on bad canvas, for two Rhenish florins.

"The day after St. Bartholomew I was brought to Mecklin. The Master Rosnard, and a painter, whose name I forget, invited me to supper. This Master Rosnard is the famous sculptor, who is in the service of Madam Margaret, daughter of Maximilian. On Monday we went to Brussels. I there saw in the council-room four beautiful pictures of the great master Rudiger. I saw also the present brought from Mexico for the king: it is a sun of gold as large as an ell, and a moon of silver equal in size to the sun; and above the sideboard all sorts of vessels, harness, foreign furniture, plates of gold and vermillion, so splendid, that it would be difficult to find the like. All this is so costly, that they are reckoned at a hundred thousand livres of gold. I have never in all my life seen any thing that pleased me so much. I gazed at all those things of gold so finely worked, and was astonished at the ability and subtle genius of men of distant lands. Madam Margaret has ordered me to be told that I would always find a protector in her, with the King Charles. She showed herself entirely devoted to me. I sent her a fine proof of my engraving of the Passion. When I went to the chapel of the house of Nassau I saw the admirable portrait made by the great master Hugo. Master Bernhard, the painter, invited me to dinner. The repast was so magnificent, that I do not think Bernhard could have given it for less than ten pieces of gold. At this repast were present many distinguished persons, whom Master Bernhard had invited to keep me company. Among others, the treasurer of Madam Margaret, whose portrait I have drawn: the king's chamberlain, the city treasurer, to whom I sent a proof of the Passion, engraved on copper, and who, in exchange, sent me a black stool carved in the Spanish style, which is well worth three pieces of gold. I also sent a proof of the Passion to Erasmus of Rotterdam, the secretary of Bonisius. Afterwards I made the portrait of Master Bernhard, Madam Margaret's painter, in chareol, and I drew once more that of Erasmus. But six persons, whose portraits I made at Brussels, gave me nothing for them. I then went to Aix-la-Chapelle. I there saw the coronation of the emperor Charles V. On Friday I left Aix for Louvain. On Saturday I was at Cologne, where I bought, for five silver deniers, a treatise by the Doctor Luther, and I gave one denier for the book entitled "The Condemnation of the Holy Man Luther." On Sunday I saw the festivals and rejoicings, and assisted at the banquet which was given in honour of the coronation. On Monday I received from the hands of the emperor the diploma of painter to the court. The Saturday after Easter we departed for Bruges, with Hans Lixben of Uhm, and San-Plos, a famous painter born in that town. I saw in a house of the Emperor's, the chapel painted by Rudiger, and the pictures of an old master, probably Zemling. At Jacob's I again saw some pictures of great merit by Rudiger, Hugo, and other great masters. I saw the alabaster statue of the Virgin which Michael Angelo carved, as well as the pictures of John Van Eyck, and other painters.—Another superb banquet was given to me: the councillors of the city caused twelve pints of wine to be sent to me; and the company, composed of sixty persons, attended me home after the repast. Thence I went to Ghent. The deacon of the painters and the notables received me with enthusiasm, and conducted me to the high tower of Saint John. I there saw the famous picture by John Van Eyck, so beautiful, so wonderfully fine, that it is beyond all price. Above all, the Virgin Mary and the Eternal Father are of admirable expression. The painters and their deacon did not leave me for a moment: during all my stay in that town they desired that I should dine and sup with them every day. Lastly, I departed on my return to Antwerp. After passing some time there I returned with my family to Mecklin, to Madam Margaret. I showed her the portrait which I had made of the emperor, and which I wished to give her as a present, but she would on no account receive it.

In all that I have done in the Low Countries I have only experienced losses. Nobles as well as citizens—nobody paid me; Madam Margaret no more than the rest. For all the presents which I made her, for all the sketches which I sent her, she has given me nothing. When I was about to depart, I suddenly received a letter from the King of Denmark, Christiern II., who enjoined me to betake myself to him in all haste, to paint his portrait and that of the lords of his court, and which announced to me that I should be well treated, and that I should eat at the table of the king. Next day I went on board a ship of state, and betook myself to Brussels to the King of Denmark, unto whom I gave what I may call my best pieces of engraving. It was a sight for me to behold the curiosity with which the people of Brussels gazed upon Christiern as he passed. I saw also the emperor, who was there before him, and received me with magnificence. I also again assisted at the splendid banquet which the Emperor Charles and Madam Margaret gave him the day afterwards. The King of Denmark gave a superb banquet in his turn; the emperor and Madam Margaret were both invited to it; I also was among the number of the guests, and I was seated at the table of kings. I painted in oil the portrait of Christiern: he caused thirty pieces of gold to be sent to me.—Lastly, I departed from Brussels to return to Nuremberg."

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.

BY THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE N. Y. AMERICAN.

As we passed through the town of Marshfield, near the country residence of Mr. Webster, where he usually spends the summer months in gunning and fishing, I was reminded of an anecdote of him, told me a year or two since. The narrator was a highly respectable member of the Society of Friends, and has frequently been in the Massachusetts Legislature. Being a neighbour of Mr. Webster, he related it as having transpired within his personal knowledge. A young blood, who was sojourning in the vicinity of Boston, went down to Marshfield, to avail himself of the rare treat it affords to sportsmen by its abundant sea-fowl. Having had fair luck, as he was wending his fatigued way across the marshy grounds of a well-cultivated farm, to the road, he came upon a little arm of the sea, up and down which the tide ebbs and flows. Its banks were filled to the brim. He wandered along the margin to find a bridge—but

without success. He was doubting as to the best mode of extricating himself from the dilemma, when he spied a farmer some fifty rods distant, with a slouched hat, and his coat off. He went to him, and asked him to carry him across the creek—offering to pay him half a dollar to do it.

The dark-browed, sturdy-built Yankee, like his kindred, ever ready to turn an honest penny, after bantering awhile about the price, accepted the proposal. He came to the bank, and bowing his broad shoulders to the ground, told the sprig of chivalry to hop-on. And on he hopped, and in the sturdy yeoman plunged, the water being about up to his arm-pits, and safely landed the dandy sportsman, high and dry, on the other side. The half dollar was instantly proffered, and as instantly refused. Inferring that the farmer thought it too small a sum, the genteel cit offered him an additional quarter. This was also declined. As the young gentleman eyed the soaked clothing and muddy shoes of his ferryman, he thought it a pretty hard bargain at best, and offered him a dollar.

With a wave of the hand, and a "No—you're welcome," a smile slid over the dark countenance of the Marshfielder, as, bidding the city buck a "good afternoon," he plunged into the creek, and, regaining the opposite bank, moved off towards a distant farm-house.

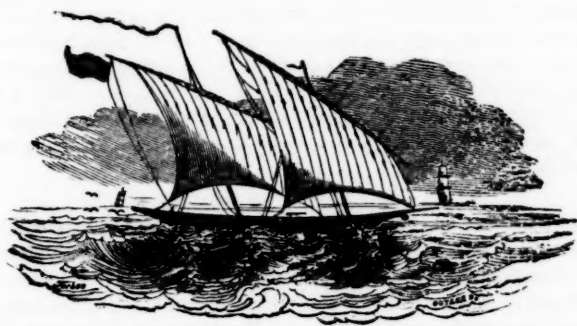
The surprised sportsman laid his course for a company of men who were making hay some half a mile off, and accosted them—"Who is that man going through yon field?"

"What—the one with his coat off?"

"Yes."

"Daniel Webster."

"Daniel Webster!" echoed the thunder-struck Southerner; "Why, I thought he lived in Boston!"



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839.

JOTTINGS DOWN IN LONDON.

NUMBER TWO.

I had not seen Taglioni since the first representation of the Sylphide, eight or nine years ago at Paris. Last night I was at the Opera—saw her in *La Gitana*, and except that her limbs are the least in the world rounder and fuller, she is, in person, absolutely unchanged. I can appreciate now, better than I could then, (when opera dancing was new to me,) what it is that gives this divine woman the right to her proud title of *La Déesse de la Danse*. It is easy for the Ellsers, and Augusta, and others who are said to be only second to her, to copy her flying steps, and even to produce, by elasticity of limb, the beautiful effect of touching the earth, like a thing afloat, without being indebted to it for the rebound. But Taglioni, alone, finishes the step, or the pirouette, or the arrowy bound over the scene, as calmly, as accurately, as faultlessly as she begins it.—She floats out of a pirouette as if, instead of being made giddy, she had been lulled by it into a smiling and child-like dream, and instead of trying her strength and *aplomb*, (as is seen in all other dancers, by their effort to recover composure,) it had been the moment when she had rallied and been refreshed. The smile, so expressive of enjoyment in her own grace, which steals over Taglioni's lips when she closes a difficult step, seems communicated, in an indefinable languor, to her limbs. You cannot fancy her fatigued when, with her peculiar softness of motion, she curtsies to the applause of the enchanted audience, and walks lightly away. You are never apprehensive that she has undertaken too much. You never detect, as you do in all other dancers, defects slurred over adroitly, and movements, that, from their anticipating the music of the ballet, are known by the critical eye to cover some flaw in the step, from giddiness or loss of balance. But oh what a new relation bears the music to the dance, when this spirit of grace replaces her companions in the ballet. Whether the motion seems born of the music, or the music floats out of her dreamy motion, the enchanted gazer might be almost embarrassed to know.

In the new ballet of *La Gitana*, the music is based upon the Mazurka. The story is the old one of the child of a Grandee of Spain, stolen by gipsies, and recovered by chance in Russia. The gradual stealing over her of a recollection of music she had heard in her childhood, was the finest piece of pantomimic acting I ever saw. But there is one dance, the *Ca-*

chucha, introduced at the close of the ballet, in which Taglioni has enchanted the world anew. It could only be done by herself, for there is a succession of flying movements expressive of alarm, in the midst of which she alights and stands poised upon the points of her feet, with a look over her shoulder of *fiercé* and animation possible to no other face, I think, in the world. Its was like a deer, standing with expanded nostril and neck uplifted to its loftiest height, at the first scent of his pursuers in the breeze. It was the very soul of swiftness embodied in a look! How can I describe it to you?

Well—I looked at this marvel of delight from the same box with a very different marvel—Lord Brougham! He came in to pay his respects to the lady who had honored me with one of her ivory tickets, and sat out the *Cachucha* with the delight of less learned people. He was dressed very young, with a black stock and no collar, and rattled away at the operatic gossip very brilliantly and gaily, evidently quite forgetting both wig and woollack. From the chat of himself, and others in the box, I learned that Taglioni was living apart from her husband, who had gambled away three or four fortunes for her—that Monsieur Devoisin, (I forget his name, but it sounds like that,) was a *vaucien* altogether, and that the danseuse was, in private life, irreproachable and admirable. When she was called out to receive the homage of titled and fashionable London at the fall of the curtain, I could see, in one glance, four persons plying their gloved hands most industriously, whose united applause, one would think, might have passed for a very pretty compliment by itself. Lady Blessington and D'Orsay in a box opposite, Bulwer just over her Ladyship's head, and Lord Brougham beside me.

Bulwer and D'Orsay, by the way, seemed to have formed an alliance to introduce the white cravat, as they were the only men at the opera who wore them. They are no longer domiciled together, the Count having given up his separate establishment, and living now altogether at Gore House, Lady Blessington's residence. D'Orsay's beauty is in high preservation, but he has reformed his life altogether, drinks milk, and goes to bed at ten o'clock, (not A. M.) I met him driving, yesterday, a very splendid turn-out of a curricule and pair, an increase of style corresponding to Lady B.'s additional splendors of equipage. There is a dash of melancholy grown over D'Orsay's face since I saw him, which is not unbecoming. I would not give much for what remains for him to discover in the fields of pleasure, yet if ever man was capable of its keenest zest, it was "le beau D'Orsay" at twenty.

Lady Bulwer and Sir Edward are, as you may know, regularly separated. She is living at Bath. I can find few who have read her book, in the class for which she probably wrote, and people rather wonder at any curiosity about it. It has, they say, however, had a great sale among the trades-people. Bulwer looks thinner and more worn than ever, but dresses with much more care and display than he used to do. Indeed, the rule seems to be universal that the frame must be embellished as the picture decays.

Lady Charlotte Bury has, as they say in London, "got herself into a precious mess" with her "Life and Times of George the Fourth." One or two of her friends, I was told, made an effort to receive her after its publication, but it was found that her company was *malsain*, and she is now cut altogether. I was expressing a regret, at a dinner party, that she should have been so unwise, when a lady of some celebrity present, objected to the phrase. "Why unwise?" she said, "Lady Charlotte was starving in the midst of these 500 friends, who would not have lent her a guinea to save her life. She had the opportunity of choosing between these friends and a thousand pounds. Who would hesitate?" You see there is a practical way of looking at things even in high life.

I have met Mr. Webster at several parties, and have been amused at the sensation produced by his magnificent head. I do not say by his *reputation*, because three persons out of four who have spoken to me of him, take him to be the *Noah Webster of the Dictionary*! It would be difficult to make our countrymen believe how ignorant are even the better classes of England of our great names, but I declare to you that I do not think there are ten people in any hundred of those who meet nightly in the drawing-rooms of London, who know for what he is celebrated. It has happened to me, not once, but several times, to be asked the question, and twice I have been obliged to rob him of the honour of the great Dictionary. The literary, political, and legal men, however, throng around Mr. Webster, and pay him all the honour and deference which his warmest friends in America could exact or desire. I met him at Hallam's, the historian a night or two since, where were Sidney Smith, Babbidge, Milman, Mills, Macready, and a troop of other bright spirits of the time, and his fine head was the focus of all eyes and thoughts. Two ladies near me were discussing his phrenological beauties, when a third broke in with, "Well, I should never think of wasting time at the top of his head. He is the handsomest man I ever saw, bumps or no bumps! Look at his smile!"

I do not know whether much of this sort of tribute was expected, but Mr. Webster is likely to reap as many compliments as laurels abroad. The American merchants in London, I see, are to give him a dinner, and he is overwhelmed with attentions private and public.

There are great numbers of American ladies in London at present, and they seem to be a good deal the fashion. Mrs. Van Buren's quiet and high-bred manners are very much talked of, and the Major himself, like his brother, has been received quite as a Prince Royal—admitted to the floor of the House of Lords, etc. etc. Miss Sedgwick is here, but she seems to require a trumpeter.

I had been a lover of Milman's poetry all my life, and looked at him with great interest. He is a little above the middle size, plump (as becomes his good living in Westminster), and of a very dark Jewish physiognomy. His nose is more aquiline than that of a literary Jew who sat beside him, Hayward the translator, but Hayward is all a Hebrew in expression, which Milman is not. The eye of the author of *Fazio* is very fine, and altogether he looks the poet.

My last eight hours have been spent between Bedlam and the Opera—one of those antipodal contrasts of which London life affords so many. Thanks to God, and to the Howards who have arisen in our time, a mad-house is no longer the heart-rending scene that it used to be, and Bedlam, though a place of melancholy imprisonment, is as cheering a spectacle to the humane as imprisonment can be made by care and kindness. Of the three hundred persons who are inmates of its wards, the greater part seemed quiet and content, some playing at ball in the spacious court-yards, some lying on the grass, and some working voluntarily at a kind of wheel arranged for raising water to their rooms.

On the end of a bench in one of the Courts, quite apart from the other patients, sat the youth who came up two hundred miles from the country to marry the Queen! You will remember the story of his forcing himself into Buckingham Palace. He was a stout sandy-haired, sad looking young man of perhaps twenty-four, and with his arms crossed and his eyes on the ground he sat like a statue, never moving even an eyelash while we were there. There was a very gentlemanlike man, working at the water-wheel, or rather walking round with his hand on the bar in a gait that would have suited the most finished exquisite of a drawing-room—Mr. Davis, who shot (I think) at Lord Londonderry. Then in an upper room we saw the Capt. Brown who shook his fist in the Queen's face when she went to the city, really a most officer-like and handsome fellow, and in the next room, poor old Hatfield, who shot at George the Third, and has been in Bedlam for 40 years—quite sane! He was a gallant dragoon, and his face is seamed with scars got in battle before his crime. He employs himself with writing poetry on the death of his birds and cats, whom he has outlived in prison—all the society he has had in this long and weary imprisonment. He received us very courteously, and called our attention to his favourite canary, shewed us his poetry, and all with a sad, mild, subdued resignation that quite moved me.

In the female wards I saw nothing very striking except one very noble looking woman who was standing at her grated widow, entirely absorbed in reading the Bible. Her face expressed the most heart-rending melancholy I had ever witnessed. She has been for years under the terrible belief that she has committed "the unpardonable sin," and though quiet all the day, her agony at night becomes horrible. What a comment on a much practised mode of preaching the mild and forgiving religion of our Saviour!

As I was leaving one of the wards, a young woman of nineteen or twenty came up to me with a very polite curtsy, and said, "Will you be so kind as to have me released from this dreadful place." "I am afraid I cannot," said I. "Then," she replied, laying her hand on my arm, with a most appealing earnestness, "perhaps you will on Monday. You know I've nothing to pack!" The matron here interposed, and led her away, but she kept her eyes on us till the door closed. She was confined there for the murder of her child.

We visited the kitchens, wash-houses, bakery, etc. etc.—all clean, orderly and admirable, and left our names on the visitor's book, quite of the opinion of a Frenchman who was there just before us, and who had written under his own name this expressive praise:—*J'ai visité certains palais moins beaux et moins bien entretenus que cette maison de la folie.*

Two hours after, I was listening to the overture of *La Cenerentola*, and watching the entrance to the Opera, of the gay, the celebrated, and the noble. In the house I had left, night had brought with it (as it does always to the insane), a maddening and terrific exaltation of brain and spirit—but how different from that exaltation of brain and spirit sought at the same hour, by creatures of the same human family, at the opera. It was difficult not to wonder at the distribution of allotments to mankind. In a box on the left of me sat the Queen, keeping time with a fan to the delicious singing of Pauline Garcia, her favourite minister standing behind her chair, and her Maids of Honour around,—herself the smiling, youth-

ful, and admired Sovereign of the most powerful nation on earth! I thought of the poor girl in her miserable cell at Bedlam, imploring release.

The Queen's face has thinned and grown more oval since I saw her at a drawing-room, four years ago, as Princess Victoria. She has been compelled to think since then, and such exigencies in all stations of life, work out the expression of the face. She has now, what I should pronounce a decidedly intellectual countenance, a little petulant withal when she turns to speak, but on the whole, quite beautiful enough for a Virgin Queen. No particular attention seemed paid to her by the audience. She was dressed less gaily than many others around her; her box was at the left side of the house, undistinguished by any mark of royalty, and a stranger would never have suspected her presence.

Pauline Garcia sang better than I thought it possible for any one to sing after Malibran was dead. She has her sister's look about the forehead and eyes, and all her sister's soul and passionateness in her style of singing. Her face is otherwise very plain, but, plain as it is, and young as she is, the opera-going public prefer her already to the beautiful and more powerful Grisi. The latter long triumphant *prima donna*, is said to be very unhappy at her eclipse by this new favourite, and it is curious enough to hear the hundred and one faults found in the declining songstress by those who once would not admit that she could be transcended on earth. A very celebrated person, whom I remembered when in London before, giving Grisi the most unqualified eulogy, assured a box-full of gay admirers last night that she had *always* said that Grisi had nothing but lungs and fine eyes. She was a great healthy Italian girl, and could sing in tune, but soul or sentiment she never had! Poor Grisi! Her's is the lot of all who are so unhappy as to have been much admired. "*Le monde ne hait rien autant que ses idoles quand ils sont à terre,*" said the wise La Bruyère.

I was yesterday admitted to the floor of the House of Commons, and heard a very fluent and warm speech from Lord Mahon on the Education Bill. This young nobleman's high moral principles, give his speeches weight, and he was well attended to by the House, though from a rather emphatic conversation on the bench just before me between O'Connell and another person, I lost every other sentence. The great Dan looks like a rollocking Irish Boniface. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with no shirt visible, his cravat very loose about his neck, accommodating itself to a full and rather unctuous-looking dewlap, his foxy wig a little askew, and on the side of his head a broad-brimmed, cheap, long-napped black hat. His eyes were very oily and sly, but his mouth looked the seat of fun and good nature. He seemed entirely at home, though in his lounging attitude his voluminous coat-tails crowded very hard upon Lord John Russell, his next neighbour. Shiel sat just beyond, in person closely resembling Mr. Cambreleng—and standing in the passage at the entrance to the House, was the author of Vivian Grey, with a grass-green cravat and long hair, talking with the handsome Lord Stormont, and looking as little like a legislator as could well be imagined. D'Israeli's face has grown painfully hollow and bilious, and his once beautiful physiognomy so remarkable for its pale, classic, scholar-like cast, seems to me now to express nothing but suffering and querulousness. His first speeches in Parliament were all flowers and poetry, and fell flat on the common sense ears of the House; but he has since changed his vein, I was told, and now says his say, in very plain words and very briefly.

On the same line of benches with myself, but on the Tory side of the House, sat our own great Statesman, Webster, attracting universal attention. On one side of him sat Sir Robert Peel and on the other Mr. Mills, (the poet and M. P.) and both were very earnestly engaged in conversation with him. I think the House of Commons a much more intellectual looking body of men than it is usually described to be, but certainly Webster's head was very remarkably distinguished among the distinguished ones about him.

Lady Flora Hastings is supposed to be dying to-day. I was calling this morning on a lady of high rank, who is in direct communication with the privacy of the court, and learned from her that the Queen is in the greatest distress at Lady Flora's situation, and that by her sympathy and kindness for the last week, she has done much to redeem her lost ground with the powerful family of Hastings. Her Majesty, it is said, has good cause to be frightened at the probable result of this lady's death, and both Whig and Tory look with alarm for its consequences. Yesterday, the Queen went to the sick chamber, and in her own person ordered and superintended the moving of the invalid to a quieter wing of the Palace. The Royal Ball which was to have taken place to-morrow night is put off, and there promises to be a powerful check to the gaieties of Buckingham House.

Lady Flora was described to me as a tall, good-humoured, and not very pretty Scotch girl of thirty-two, with high cheek bones and sandy hair—

very lady-like withal. The change in her figure was first observed by the Queen, who, herself, (and not Sir James Clark or Lady — as is generally thought) drew the attention of the Court ladies to her appearance. Her Majesty then sent her physician to Lady Flora, and he commenced by asking her how long she had been privately married! For a few minutes her Ladyship took this for rather a free joke, but on discovering the meaning of the courtly Sangrado, quietly rang the bell and had him shewn out of the room. The suspicion by this time was all over the palace, and the elder and wiser dames remarked very sensibly that *time would show* whether it was true or not, and meanwhile it was both safe and politic to hush it up. But Miss Victoria is said to be both saucy and obstinate on the subject of advice, and insisted on a medical opinion, besides expressing herself very strongly on the uncharitable side of the question. For all this she is now suffering and to suffer exemplary penance.

Lady Flora's present form of disease is what is called the black jaundice, a result of a bilious attack, which, from mental suffering was neglected and aggravated. A younger sister and some other relatives are now in attendance on her at Buckingham Palace.

I dined yesterday with a Whig Baronet and to day in company with three Tory noblemen, and it was curious to remark through what different spectacles different parties in high life view the conduct, temper, and even personal beauty of the Queen. My Whig friends yesterday confined their disapprobation to pity for the poor girl's difficult position, many doubts as to the authenticity of the channels through which her words and opinions get to the knowledge of the writers for the London papers, and sorrow for the *unlucky chance* of the Lady Flora scandal. On the subject of her person, they declared her bust and limbs to be the most symmetrical and finest in the realm, her hand and foot unmatched for shape and delicacy, and her face rather more than pretty. The Tory lords and ladies pronounced her legs too short, her feet not small for her size, her figure passable, and her mouth rivalled in expression and beauty by that of most rabbits! They declared that the late failure to form a Tory Ministry was solely attributable to her womanish preference of Lord Melbourne's chatty gossip and free manners, to Sir Robert Peel's reserve and habits of business; that her Majesty was exclusively surrounded by *roués*, her Prime Minister the most debauched of all, and that it was well understood that conversation at Court was freer than is usual in modest circles, and the Queen herself much too well-informed on doubtful subjects for a virgin Queen. All this possibly might be quite reversed if the Tories were in and the Whigs out, but I give it you as it passes "*ou l'on dine*."

Lord Eglinton's approaching tournament is the engrossing topic of conversation among the young men at the clubs. The first prompting to this £20,000 diversion (its probable cost to Lord E.) is said to lie in the fact that an ancestor of his Lordship's killed Henry II. of France in a tournament near Paris. They say it behoves him to look well to his armour, for several of the young French nobility are practising in France, and have resolved to win back the laurel. The noble dandies of London are at present in constant practice in St. John's Wood, and the accidents they meet with in their new exercise, form the evening gossip of the hour. One young man has had a lance splintered in his arm, and Lord Waterford charged yesterday so furiously as to drive his horse through the barricade into the midst of a party of ladies; luckily without serious damage. It is said—under the rose—that there are two of the most powerfully built men of Crockford's, who intend to enter as anonymous knights, and with every chance of astonishing the entire field. Some graver people shake their heads and foresee a number of more matter-of-fact encounters afterwards with pistol and ball. It takes place in September in Scotland, and I shall probably see it.

N. P. W.

THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillock, brakes, obscure and rough.

SHAKESPEARE.

To those if the poet had added vine-embowered pools, tall grove and sunny forest glade, his description would have fully set forth the varied beauties of Greenwood.

This new Cemetery, which numbers its acres by the hundreds, is certainly one of the most charming spots in the country, and the public-spirited inhabitants of BROOKLYN, who have projected and carried into effect so tasteful an improvement and upon so liberal and grand a scale, are an honour to the State to which they belong. For certainly that State can boast of no work effected by a private association which can rank with this in point of taste, elegance, and elevated refinements of purpose.

If the reader will take a gig or saddle horse, cross at the South Ferry, ride a couple of miles down the Gowanus road, and pass an hour or two in driving among the winding roads and delicious park scenery of Green-

wood, he will willingly bear witness thereafter that we have not spoken too extravagantly.

ENLIGHTENED PHILANTHROPY.

An exhibition of manly courage—personal daring—generous actions—risking your own life for the preservation of another's are often made the theme of praise, and deserve our admiration. But there is a class of actions far more admirable, though not as likely to catch the popular eye and impress themselves on the mind of the community generally. The conduct of Gov. Seward toward a Roman Catholic Priest and a prisoner confined under sentence of death in the jail of Lewis County belongs to this class, and we record the noble act of the Governor in our pages as an example of enlightened philanthropy, worthy of the age and of the people over whom he presides.

Lawrence McCarty, sentenced to be hung, was lying in jail and the time of execution fast approaching. Being a Catholic, the prisoner was desirous of making his final confession to the Priest residing in the neighbourhood. By the laws of the State no person is allowed to visit and hold conversation with a sentenced criminal except in the presence of the keeper of the prison. Under this law the Priest was refused admittance to the jail unless accompanied by the keeper, whose presence within hearing would deprive the prisoner of the opportunity of making a secret confession—an act which according to Roman Catholic faith is esteemed absolutely necessary in order to obtain a Divine pardon for all sin. The Priest hastens to make application to the Governor for leave to administer the rites of his church and afford the only consolation to the condemned criminal in secret. We make a short extract from the Governor's reply to the prayer of the Catholic clergyman, which will at once evidence the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the liberal and humane construction of the law by Gov. Seward.

It is certainly consistent with the spirit of toleration which pervades our free institutions that the convict should enjoy the visits of ministers of his own faith, whatever that faith may be, whether Catholic or Protestant. It is well understood to be an article of the Catholic religion, that confession before death in order to be effectual to obtain the Divine pardon ought to be made to a priest, and that that confession must be made without witness. It seems to me that the same principle of toleration requires that the Catholic should be allowed their privilege. According to his faith, the solaces of such visitation are vain and a mockery, if they are not ministered by the functionary and in the manner which that faith prescribes. To refuse compliance with the peculiar manner which his conscience approves is to deny the solace altogether. By the Constitution he is entitled to as free privileges in regard to creed as the Protestant who believes that confession should be made in another form. As a Protestant, I should exercise the tyranny, which in a Catholic country, would deny to one of my countrymen in a similar situation, the consolation of religion after the form approved by his own conscience, and, as an American, I should blush for the bigotry which would upon any plea deny to a Roman Catholic equal indulgence.

So far as I have information the rite of private confession has never been denied to Catholics in this country, and I should be unwilling to construe the section I have quoted as requiring such a denial. I have no belief that such a result was contemplated or foreseen by the Legislature. The reason of the law does not apply, and I doubt not that the framer of the statute would be shocked by such an application of it. I do not hesitate therefore to say that "the presence of a keeper or inspector" here referred to, may, and ought to be dispensed with, and that the prisoner ought to be permitted to make his confession and receive the solaces of religion without being overheard by any other than his confessor and the Great Judge of the living and the dead.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN INDIA.

A new field for excitement and agitation has been opened in England. Our last advices bring full particulars of a public meeting held at The Freemasons Tavern, London: Lord Brougham was in the chair, supported by Daniel O'Connell, Sir Charles Forbes, the Nabob of Oude, and several other native princes. It appears that the present Government of India is the most tyrannical in the annals of History, and from what we have collected from the speeches, on this occasion the cry of suffering humanity will not be long without response. It will scarcely be believed that upwards of one hundred millions of human beings are forcibly kept in a state of the most abject debasement and suffering in their native country,—that a system of persecution and oppression crushes every effort at amelioration, and the only manifest reason why they are not shot down or strangled is, that they fill the coffers of the bloated East India Company by their slavish labour. Lord Brougham and Mr. O'Connell addressed the meeting with impassioned fervour, and were followed by others in a strain of eloquence which is said to have produced the deepest sensation and withdrew the veil of darkness from before the brightest regions of the known Globe.

The Nabob of Oude followed his English friends with all the eloquence of an honest and injured man, delivering his speech in the beautiful language of Persia, which was interpreted by General Briggs. The meeting closed with the adoption of resolutions to form a Society for the amelioration of the natives of India.

SARATOGA.

Since 1833, the present is by far the most fashionable season that has occurred. The letter-writers are in ecstasy with the fashion and style displayed by the *elite* from every portion of the Union, and describe the magnificent turn-outs—the balls—and the gaieties of the place with a gusto that excites a strong desire to join the fashionable throng.

The presence of the President of the United States, and others of our most prominent political leaders, no doubt conspire to enhance the attractions and to draw within the vortex of fashion many who would otherwise select a more quiet abode during the heats of summer.

The gossip of the Springs quickly finds its way to the city, and we hear of hearts endangered and hearts broken—of flirtations vigorously sustained—of blows dealt and duels to come off,—of slights indirect and cuts direct—of serenades and singing swains—of moonlight walks and tender words, and the annual amount of scandal and backbitings, pleasurings and frolics.

Ballston is more quiet but has enjoyed its share of fashionable company, who often participate in the pleasures and amusements of the visitors of Saratoga.

Mr. Clay extended his tour as far North as Quebec. He was expected to spend Tuesday with his friends in Burlington, Vt. by invitation of the citizens, and on Thursday reach the Springs, where his arrival has been anxiously awaited by many who have gone there expressly to meet him.

OUR INDEBTEDNESS.

The Commercial Advertiser, of this city, forms, in one respect, an exception to the whole press of America. From that source alone this paper has received discourteous and ungenerous notices from its commencement. Even before its establishment, but while in contemplation, one of its editors was gravely advised by the Commercial to relinquish all idea of becoming the proprietor of a paper—to remain in the country on his farm, and write by the line for any one, who would pay the penny-a-liner's price. This was meant as a witty fling at a young author, deemed by the Commercial qualified to fill the situation it proposed to him. The Corsair was issued notwithstanding the sage warning of the humorous Daily, and was noticed in the same vein of urbanity and encouragement. From that time the amiable Commercial quietly held its peace, until we commenced the publication of the papers from one of the editors in Europe. The occasion to follow up the ready courtesies with still more marked attentions must be improved, and the first hurried letter of a series, written amid the bustle of an arrival and the tears of domestic affliction, was laboriously paraphrased and wittily converted into a contribution to the columns of the Commercial, where it appeared last week. Again, on Tuesday last there was in the same paper an exhibition of extreme anxiety for the fame and position of one of the editors of the Corsair—his course was condemned—his weakness deplored—the results conjectured, and the usual amount of advice bestowed. We assure the benevolent conductors of the Commercial that we are not insensible to their kind attentions, and that we shall embrace the earliest opportunity to convey to our associate the results of their anxious deliberations on *our affairs*, and can have no doubt their motives, the promptings of their warm hearts, will be fully appreciated by one whose welfare they have so much at heart, and whose fame will acquire renewed lustre from the interest they feel and have so openly proclaimed in his behalf.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

BADEN BADEN, JUNE 16.—Perhaps it would not be disagreeable to you to hear what is going forward here: you are aware that Benazet, of Frascati notoriety, is the present lessee of the gambling-tables here; he has laid out a large sum (250,000*f.*) in enlarging and decorating the assembly-rooms, but up to the present moment the prospect of remuneration is not promising; in fact, the play-tables would be completely deserted were it not for the ex-Elector of Hesse and some old stagers from Paris, amongst whom are the Agent de Change, who lost a large sum in the last days of Frascati, and Monsieur M., from Marseilles, who never stakes less than a rouleau of fifty Napoleons, and who this day won three rouleaux. As the full season does not commence until July, I cannot well judge what it may be then; but up to this time every one complains that Baden is horribly stupid, and, in fact, the departures are more numerous than the arrivals. I do not think that Baden will be as fashionable a watering-place as it has been; but the beauty of the surrounding country, the good living, and moderate charges of the hotels, will always induce a number of strangers to visit it. An Englishman, who rejoices in the rare name of Smith, has taken a house here for the season, and I suppose, in order to enliven the scene a little, he gives suppers to young men who are supposed to possess more money than wit. After supper, cards are introduced; and a few evening's since a young Spaniard was a loser to the amount of 52,000*f.*, of which Mr. Smith was a winner of 15,000*f.*, a Mr. Tobin, an old acquaintance of Sir Vincent Cotton, 15,000, and a Frenchman, M. Bomberd, 22,000*f.* The confederates have, how-

ever, only pocketed ninety Napoleons in cash. The young Spaniard gave bills on his guardian, the Spanish Ambassador at Paris. The answer from the Ambassador was received yesterday; he very properly refused to pay the drafts, as the young man is a minor—thus rests the matter. The public balls commence here on Saturday next.

A KING OF SOAP.—At the beginning of May the *Corsaire*, (a Parisian paper,) was seized for having indulged in some pleasantry with reference to an enormous cake of soap formed into a bust of the King, and exhibited in the Galleries of the Champs Elysées. A prosecution of the journal was thereupon commenced, but the *Chamber des Mises en Accusation* has just declared that the offence of criticising a cake of soap clumsily formed into a Royal image is not one for which the critic should be sent to trial.

PERSONAL NEWS.

GEN. SAMUEL HOUSTON, late President of Texas, is expected to extend his tour North to this city.

Hon. Thomas Ewing, the distinguished Senator of Ohio, was in Rochester, on the 3d inst., and left for the west the next morning. He was called on by many citizens during the day and evening.

George M. Dallas, Minister to Russia, has obtained leave to return home, and is expected in Philadelphia in September next, to resume his profession, in which he has been so ably and advantageously known. It is said that Mr. Cambreleng will succeed Mr. Dallas as Minister to St. Petersburg.

The Austrian Ambassador, General Baron Von Marchael, is on a visit to the venerable Ex-President Jackson. The Baron is going to write a book.

MISS SHIRREFF's concerts at Buffalo are the theme of universal praise at the West. Her popularity there seems to surpass all she acquired here. She must not sing away all her sweetness, for she is to be the great card at the National the next season.

THE SEGUINS with LATHAM have been delighting the sojourners at the Springs with their concerts. They too must husband their resources, for much is expected of them on their return to the city.

NEWS OF THE STEAM-SHIPS.—Captain Delano, of the packet Roscoe which arrived early in the week, states that on Friday last, about 200 miles from Sandy Hook light, he passed the Great Western and British Queen. The former was about one hour's sail a-head and farther to the north than her comrade. Captain D. thinks they were in sight of each other's smoke, though some twenty miles apart.

On the next day, Saturday the 3d instant, at 7 in the morning they were again seen by Capt. Eldridge of the ship Margaret Scott. They had then changed positions, and the British Queen was 12 miles a-head. The weather was fine, and they seemed pulling across the Atlantic in parallel lines and with equal speed. Bets have been made in all quarters on the Great Western, two to one—three to five—but this last report damps the ardor of certain sanguine gentlemen that cannot be taught to believe that there is any more science and calculation in judging of the speed of steamships than there is in the running of horses.

ENCAMPMENT AT TRENTON.—The old battle ground of the Revolution does not merely resound to the din of arms and the clangor of trumpets this summer. Recently the officers gave a splendid ball, which was honoured and graced by the beautiful from New York, Philadelphia, and the surrounding neighbourhood. The exercise of arms is gratefully relieved by the practice of the courtesies of refined society, and the gallant soldier on the day of battle fights with no less zeal for recalling to memory the person of his fair partner in the dance.

Trenton, we learn, is vastly fashionable this season, and vies with the most frequented summer resorts in the character of its society and the means of enjoyment.

HALLECK'S "FANNY," AND OTHER POEMS.—*Harper and Brothers*.—This celebrated production has been so long out of print and so rarely seen that it will be received with all the zest of a new work. Glad are we that its accomplished author has finally consented to its publication in a becoming form, for we, like many others, have been treasuring a little expurgated edition purporting to be the English, and have been sorely harassed by borrowers for the loan of it. The Harpers deserve the thanks of all the admirers of Mr. Halleck's poetry, and will no doubt be amply remunerated for the pains they have taken in overcoming the obstacles to the publication of this acceptable volume.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES: Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.—This valuable Quarterly is out in due season and evinces the industry and science of its collaborators. Each number forms a large volume of itself, fresh from the pens of the most distinguished members of the Faculty.

TEXAS AND THE INDIANS.—Gen. Douglass, commanding the Texan army, has had an engagement with a large body of Indians, composed of Cherokees, Caddos, and others. After a sharp contest the Indians retreated, and night coming on the pursuit was abandoned.—The next day (July 17th) Gen. Rusk writes:—"We have had a second engagement with the Indians, who occupied a very strong position. The contest lasted an hour and a half, when we charged and drove them from their station, in which, however, they sustained considerable loss, the amount of which is not yet ascertained. Bowles, the Indian commander, was found among the dead.

Their number was very considerable, I think 5 or 600. Our loss was two men killed and upwards of twenty wounded, among whom are my brother and Major Augustine."

We are happy to learn that every precaution has been taken to cut off the retreat of the enemy, and thereby prevent protracted war. We shall anxiously await further intelligence from that quarter.

STATESMEN OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE III.—Second Series—by Lord Brougham, published by Lea & Blanchard, for sale at Wiley & Putnam's.

These volumes form a continuation of the writings of Lord Brougham, under the same name, and are characterised by the same impartiality and spirit that distinguished the first Series. We have availed ourselves of these volumes and extracted the Portrait of Madame de Staël for our own columns. It has been reckoned an Irishism to include females among the Statesmen, but the political influence of that remarkable woman justly entitles her to a niche among the master-spirits of her times. It is a mistake to suppose this work a mere republication of articles which appeared in the Reviews. All those which have ever appeared have been materially changed and enlarged,—some written over again, while a great many are entirely new in every point.

JACK SHEPPARD, by W. H. Ainsworth, for sale at Wiley & Putnam's. This popular Romance is in progress of publication by Lea & Blanchard, in Numbers, and will be completed in eight numbers of 60 pages each.

We venture to take from the *Courier and Enquirer* the following just tribute to the merits of a friend, and insert them in our columns, with the expression of our most hearty concurrence with the Editor of that paper:—

J. N. REYNOLDS, Esq., has been admitted as Counsellor in the Superior Court of this city, and we understand that it is his intention to establish himself here in the practice of the law. His tact and popularity as a public speaker, his habits of assiduous study, united with his personal acquaintance with all matters of maritime interest, cannot fail to command for his professional efforts, in a commercial community, liberal and honorable success.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

Young Wheatley has written a comedy during the past year, and as if to test its merits in a very quiet way, he has brought it out during this warm weather. Those who had the courage to enter the house, and the patience to sit the play out, have spoken to us most favorably of this production. Though most vilely played there were indications of sufficient merit to induce a repetition, when the house confirmed the favorable judgment of the first night. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing it in the Autumn, and then the recruited company will be enabled to do it better justice.

The Taglionis drew a good house on Monday—the occasion of their benefit—and took leave of their admirers amid much applause. We regret that these fascinating artists will so soon return to Europe. After one more short engagement they will be on the wing for Berlin, and we do not see how their places can be supplied by any thing there is on this side of the water.

NIBLO'S.

Burton—the inimitably droll and humorous Burton—allowed his name to be put up for a benefit on Tuesday, and the spacious grounds, saloons, walks, alleys, and theatre, groaned beneath the crowd of friends who thronged to pay their favorite the compliments of the occasion. Browne, the Comedian, assisted in giving variety to the entertainment; and between the two wags it is quite surprising so many survived the humors of the evening. Browne's reception was highly flattering to him.

Niblo himself took a benefit on Thursday, and of course the garden was crammed notwithstanding the rain.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

* * * * * You ought to be here, if for nothing else, to see Miss Clifton bear away the palm of beauty from all she meets. As much as I admired this young lady on the stage, I was not prepared to find her so interesting in private life, nor so refined and accomplished as all here acknowledge her to be. You would be gratified to see the delicate and marked attention she is daily receiving from both ladies and gentlemen of

the highest standing—indeed, there seems to be but one feeling towards her, and that is, unqualified admiration of her personal attractions and the propriety and modesty of her demeanour. She talks of going to London this Autumn, and I am afraid she will not play in New York before she sails. What can the Park management be thinking of, that they have not engaged her there! * * * * *

Plunderings by the Way.

TREMENDOUS POWER.—A locomotive engine built at Lowell for the Western Railroad, was tried on the Lowell Railroad on Thursday, and started, from a state of rest, a train of 63 cars, filled with merchandise, weighing THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE TONS, of 2,000 lbs., and carried it with ease over an ascent of 10 feet to the mile, at the rate of nine miles an hour!

THE LEAPING BUTCHER.—The metropolis and its surrounding district produces some of the best and hardest riders in England; and I have seen and heard of one or two instances which would bear comparison with many of the break-neck feats of the sister kingdom. There is a butcher named Selmes, of Godstone, who is noted for his nerve and the extraordinary knack he has of making any horse jump: cart-horse or race-horse is all the same to him when once on their back; go they must at whatever he puts them at, and no horse is ever in his hands a month without becoming a jumper. With a snaffle bridle and the buckle of the rein in one hand, the head quite loose, a good ash stick in the right hand, and one spur on the left heel, he charges gates, stiles, hedges, or brooks, and refuse they dare not, for the ash plant is sure to catch them on the side of the head if they offer to turn to the right or the left. They may fall if they please, and they very often do at first, but they soon become quite as much afraid of doing that as of refusing. The man himself is as active as a cat and seldom gets hurt. There is a very high and pointed barred gate, leading off the common into the paddock belonging to the kennel; I should think it could not be less than four feet nine inches; and one day in the summer while up at the kennel chatting to some of the people, he began to show off his horse by jumping him over some hurdles and a rail round a stack. He then, without much of a run, rode at this gate, and over he went, but the horse struck the top of the spikes with his hind feet and broke two of them, and at the same time one of the stirrup leathers gave way. This not pleasing him, he turned the animal short round, and brought him back over it again, and then a third time out of the field over it again, both the last times with only one stirrup, and going at least a foot higher than the gate. The horse was afterwards bought for 100/ by Sir E. Antrobus.

PORTRAIT OF THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—The entire turn-out, the *tout-ensemble* of the affair, bespeaks, beyond mistake, the first-rate commercial traveller. But we shall direct attention to the man himself, and mark his "points" as we proceed. First, observe his hat, a perfect modern bit of quakerism. His whiskers of "luxuriant growth" are partially hidden by a dashing spotted Cashmere shawl, which, covering the lower portion of his face, just leaves room for his half-smoked cigar to pass over. His upper coat is a handsome "blue Taglioni," with a small velvet collar. A large box-coat with many capes and a curlicue collar, is thrown over the back of the gig; and partly covering that, is seen a Mackintosh wrapper. His inner, or walking coat, is a bright blue cut-away, with gilt buttons; his waistcoat is of the last new commercial cut, a crimson silk and worsted, with black cheques and a white spot in the centre; there are large flaps, in the olden style, over the pocket, and on the left side a small breast-pocket for his neat little gold watch. (This, by the way, is not the waistcoat he sports when off duty; that is very likely to be of light-blue satin). His tailor has probably been charged not to conceal, by looseness of measure, the turn of a muscular and well-formed leg, justifying the pride its owner takes in it; and his neat boot of Spanish leather equally exhibits the handsome pretensions of his foot. Such, without flattery, is our friend of the road—the "commercial gentleman."

THE RIVAL PSALM SINGERS.—Some years ago, at a town in Wales, a humble set of psalm singers, consisting chiefly of mechanics, were told by a newly-inducted incumbent that they must no longer sing in the church, for he had patronised some young bucks, who offered their vocal services, but in a different part of the church. Well, Sunday arrived, and the bells were rung as usual, and the church soon became crowded to hear the performance of the *gentlemen singers*, as the new ones were called. In the usual place the clerk commenced with, "Let us sing praise," &c. &c.—but ere he could complete the sentence the "old originals" struck up, with all their might, to the utter astonishment of the congregation, and to the high indignation of the clergyman, who sent the clerk up to the gallery to order them to desist; but they only laughed at poor Amen, and sung the louder, until the anthem was concluded; on which the mi-

nister motioned to his party to commence, which they had no sooner done, than the others started again, and completely roared their rivals down. Of course this made a great noise in the town, and the clergyman threatened to prosecute the ancients; but the townspeople took their part, and the thing dropped, and so did both choirs, and from that day to this it has been "every man his own psalm singer."

HORRID BARBER-ISM.—For more than three months past the females of Kingston on Thames have been kept in a perpetual state of alarm and excitement by the frequent appearance of a *wild man*, often in a state of nudity, who haunted the fields and meadows in the vicinity. Dark and dreadful were the tales of the timid respecting the nature of this mysterious visitant; at one time he was represented as a baboon, or ouran-outang, covered with hair; at another, the superstitious held him forth as a troubled spirit, that only required some authorised clerk for its exorcism. Although he had been seen by many ladies of Kingston, and a host of females whose veracity was unimpeachable, he had the adroitness on all occasions (except the fatal one) to fly at the approach of a man. About a fortnight or three weeks ago, as two girls were working in a field in the neighbourhood, little dreaming of supernatural agencies, suddenly the wild man stood before them. As he had converted his shirt into a veil, and wore it completely over his face, he did not see the approach of three strapping fellows, who happened that instant to be passing near the spot.

Upon one of the women, however, appealing to them he instantly caught the alarm, and scampered off, the men of course following him, and such a chase had not been seen for many a day. The wild man bounded along, "cutting the air," like an eagle, the pursuers following, like a leash of beagles. At length, however, after a run of two miles, the wild man fell exhausted to the ground, and, on being raised, was discovered to be a barber of some standing in Kingston. At his earnest request, the honour of being led captive into the town, with a rope round his neck, was dispensed with. The magistrates are said to have issued a warrant for his apprehension, but he had previously decamped, and it is rumoured he has since embarked for America. What renders the whole proceeding unaccountable is, that he is a married man with a family.

The following anecdotes are taken from the eloquent speech of Mr. Tillinghast, delivered at Providence, on the 4th of July, at a dinner table with a band of the surviving soldiers of the revolution:

"The first blood drawn from the veins of a British officer in that great quarrel, was drawn by a shot from a Rhode Island musket—upon our own waves, within sight of the tower of that temple where we have this morning heard the scenes and principles of the revolution so eloquently reviewed by the orator of the day.

"The owner of that musket still lives in honor amongst us, still characterized by that native resolution which the lapse of 67 years from that time has not been able to extinguish or abate. The first sword that waved in triumph upon the surmounted rampart of Yorktown, was a Rhode Island sword. The owner of that sword, as he clambered up the work, received upon his hands and arms the stabs of the bayonets that were aimed at his life, and having gained the summit and planted himself firmly there, he lifted his sword aloft in his bleeding hand, and called aloud to friends and foes, "Captain Stephen Olney's company forms here."

DANGEROUS SITUATION OF THE SHIP RELIEF.

In a letter published in the Army and Navy Chronicle we find the following account of the dangers encountered by the ship Relief, one of the ships attached to the Exploring Expedition, while off the coast of Patagonia:—

"The two schooners arrived on the 16th February, and the Vincennes, Peacock, and Porpoise, on the 18th and 19th, from Rio Negro. Captain Wilkes ordered our ship to prepare for sea immediately, take all the scientific corps on board, and make a survey of Useless harbor; examine Port Famine, etc., entering the straits of Magellan through Cockburn channel, and return again to Orange harbor. The two schooners, the Peacock and Porpoise, with Captain W., going south, in search of the magnetic pole; the Vincennes to remain at Orange bay. They all sailed on the 25th Feb., and we on the 26th, and had a succession of storms, with violent wind and rain, making very little progress towards our destination. We saw great numbers of albatros, giant and stormy petrels, etc.; and although we did not go round Cape Horn, we experienced all the bad weather for which that part of the ocean is celebrated. Our ship rolled and pitched so that it was almost impossible to sit at the table; some days every plate on it would be broken, soup and meat thrown into our laps.—At night we had to tie ourselves down in bed.

"On the 4th of March we were farther from Cockburn channel than when we left Orange harbor on the 26th February. On the 13th March we were on a lee shore, in great danger, and a fire broke out in the apothecary's department! No damage was done. The sun very seldom shone, and it rained nearly all the time.

"On the 18th we had a very disagreeable day—real Cape Horn weather—rain and sleet. We came in sight of land, wind blowing very hard, and breakers all around us. The Tower-rocks on one side of us looked really terrific, the sea breaking entirely over the smallest, completely covering it with a white envelope, the spray flying off and looking like a thick snow storm. We were in a very dangerous position, but however reached Cape Noir Island, lat. 54 deg. 15 min., lon. 74 deg. 20 min., and with three anchors down hoped to hold on.

"On the morning of the 19th the wind blew harder yet, with occasional showers of snow and hail. Noir Island looked as if some vegetation might be growing on it, but there was no prospect of landing; the shore was lined with breakers, and the spray in flying off made a beautiful appearance, looking like smoke. In the evening, the wind increasing, another anchor was let go, making four anchors out, and 400 fathoms of chain cable, the four anchors weighing 11,700 lbs. The 20th was a dreary day, sleet and rain. In the night we parted two of our cables, and lost a bower and sheet anchor. The ship dragged a considerable distance, and we felt somewhat alarmed; but day dawned and found us safe. Nothing particular occurred during the next day. Towards night the wind blew up afresh, and it was feared another cable was gone. Preparations were immediately made to get under way, and at 9 o'clock we lay rolling and tossing, ignorant of what would take place.

Towards 12 o'clock the ship began to drag, almost right on to the breakers; indeed nothing but horrible rocks, the water dashing and hissing over them, were to be seen in every direction; the water began to break over us also, and the wardroom, steerage, and berth deck were ankle deep. At last an order was given to slip the cables. A dead silence ensued for a few moments; then the sound of the axe cutting the stoppers, and a horrible clatter, a grumbling and grating sound as the chains flew through the hawse holes, and all was hushed. The poor ship seemed to be aware that she was to remain without an anchor, as she quivered and groaned, as the cables flew out, "like a thing of life." In a short time we were clear of the breakers, and all was quiet; the ship became easy, and the men recovered their cheerfulness. We lost all our anchors, and had to give up Useless bay! Port Famine!! Breakneck passage!!! the Milky way! etc., and proceeded to Valparaiso to procure ground tackle. It is admitted by all hands, that we might go to sea twenty years, and not be in such a dangerous situation again. Since then we had pleasant weather, growing warmer every day.

"April 14.

"We have now been three days off Valparaiso, and have succeeded in getting anchors, and will probably get in to-night or to-morrow morning. We sent a boat in, but found no American men of war here. Two boats immediately came off from the British sloop of war Fly, with an anchor and offer of services, which was very kind and polite. Our Captain declined the offer until he heard from shore. Our boat returned to-day, having procured every thing necessary, principally from the English stores."

THE VAUDEVILLE IN FRANCE.

Having shown our number, the box-keeper smiles (we soon see *why*), and bidding us follow, steps in front of a long receding box, which she opens stealthily, and in a twinkling we find ourselves keyed in with a double row of male and female occupants. It is a party evidently unprepared for our reception: accordingly, tawny and black moustache are seen to rise vindictively at our blameless intrusion; and even the ladies, whose eyes are yet red with the pathos of a double adultery and an incidental parricide, on which the curtain fell a minute ago, scan our altitude reproachfully. We had got into the *wrong box* indeed; but it is too late to retreat, for the next piece is commencing, and the orchestra is no longer empty; already are some of the purveyors of noise in their places, and at work. What a pandemonium of sounds to drive one mad, is an orchestra getting itself into tune! There they go!—scrape, scrape; tweedle, tweedle; grumble, grumble; tootle, tootle! Such a diapsaon of discord as only one other place on earth can be found to match, *that* place, reader, being the long ward of *sick dogs* in the hospital of Alfort. I wonder when those two brown bassoons will understand each other! Look at those flutes, cheek by cheek, spitting alternately into the side holes of hollow cylinders, which distil water at their nether end! Here a thorough bass, grumbling minor discords into subjection; there a clarinet modulates something between wind and catgut; there an incorrigible melodist sits teaching his horn its horn-book, while half a score of fiddlers, barnacled and without barnacles, are twisting and screwing, lowering or tightening the elastic fibre. All this dreadful note of preparation finds an end at last, and the leader of the band, who is to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," stands erect! Hush! he points his chin at the central stage lamp, and after a hawk-like glance to his myrmidons, right and left, and with the proud bearing of one who feels his own importance, gives the sign, and the first broadside strikes the receding curtain!

A pause; crash the second! A second silence, and then—why then?—without any apparent motive, a frisky transition from adagio to jig, followed by a love dialogue between flute and clarinet. By degrees, and still you know not why, other instruments have something to say in the conversation, which waxes general, not to say disputatious. The smothered note of a lethargic bassoon, heard fitfully, makes you, indeed, for the moment, fear a new storm; but he lies down again, till a sudden swell of all the instruments chafes him into the decided growl of a chained mastiff;—in short, each by turns wishes to make an umpire of the public, and solicit a private hearing, but luckily the wind instruments must pause to take breath, and the fiddles are left in undisputed possession. Bravo, fiddles!—and now for those long and majestic sweeps of persuasive horse-hair, riding in triumph over the back of the purring cat-gut! Soothed by the lengthened melody, you would gladly close your eyes in submission if not in satisfaction; but this the *Composer*, the *Maestro*, wills not. Your thought is dislocated by the animating waltz; the eye can no longer discern the rapid evolutions of flying fingers, nor the ear the sounds; when fairly dazzled, deafened, and done up, three more crashes, with their conclusive bangs, fortunately announce the overture at an end, and up goes the curtain.

We glance from our play-bill, which says "*Mariage de Raison*," to the boards. A coquettishly dressed young lady sits embroidering; as soon as the curtain has cleared the plane of the last tier of boxes, she puts down her work, *dove-tails* her fingers, deposits the double phalanges of her white hands on her apron, and begins to tell you of her youth, her

inexperience, and her innocence (topics on which they are always communicative—*ces dames ci*, and never *veracious*). Presently a young gentleman comes out of a side door, at which he surprises *sua innocenza* listening! Suzette and he are thus found (we suspect, not for the first time, though so they instruct the pit) publicly. Presently she falls to talking again about her innocence, when "*le cher Monsieur Edouard*" insinuates a liberal proposal to take the incumbrance off her hands at her own price—an offer which she very decidedly declines in a song, partly addressed to the *polisson* in question, and partly to the pit,—which, or whom, it now seems our Suzette intends to make her confidant throughout. But the young Moustache is a soldier; the song has no other effect than that of causing him to attempt familiarities, which compel her once more to remind him of her virtue.

More *empressment* on the part of M. Edouard, who appears quite incorrigible—his arm is round her waist—a stage resistance follows *selon les regles*; he upturns his head, and swears by the gods (in the gallery) that — But hark—at this new, touching, and unexpected proof of his devotion, the lady breathing at the rate of forty inspirations per minute, and putting, we must think, to rather an unfair trial the laces of her *corsets elastiques*—(you know, reader, that a brass knocker on the stage is often appealed to in the straits and difficulties of female virtue)—a stormy discharge of double knocks is directed to one of the side doors, before the audacious youth has had time to understand his advantage,—knock, knock, knock, knock, knock! The whereabouts to hide has been vainly sought, as in those cases, *passim*, between the impracticable cupboard, shallow fire-screen, and a table that would not conceal a cat.—Come, come, sir, you must really let the old gentleman (it is his father) in, in common decency.

(Scene shifts.) The brown Suit enters accordingly, and a jolly old fellow he is,—and wherefore comes he? Not to scold, or to talk big-wig morality, as you suppose, to the young people, but merely, it seems, to sing to them and the audience! To do which *more majorem*, he tucks an arm respectively of Suzette and the gallant under his own, and leading them in front of the stage, full in the glare of the lamps, the patriarchal man, smiling now on her and now on him, acquits himself of the said song with prodigious success! But the object of his visit is yet a mystery: he comes then, it appears, to propose to Suzette, not M. Edouard, of whose energetic and summary way of making love he cannot be supposed to know any thing, but a certain brave *militaire*, with a wooden leg, who had been wounded in Spain, in his son's defence, and has loved said mademoiselle, in secret, for two years odd! On this communication, Suzette, a reasonable young woman, first cries a little, but on reflection consents, and the pit cries bravo! On *fait les noces*—and the evening of the marriage ceremony arrives.

Act 3d, Suzette comes alone, and is making up her mind to try and love her new husband on French philosophical principles, and has nearly succeeded, when who should tap at her window (which she opens) at this hour, but that incorrigible Edouard? Neither gods nor knockers should be invoked for nothing, and certainly the *dignus vindice nodus* does appear to be arrived. Our old friend of hinged brass, "good at need," is a second time in exercise, and our gallant lies *perdu*, while admission is given to a female cousin, who comes (at this unseasonable hour, when every body is going to bed), to congratulate her on her *mariage de raison*; she finds occasion, in the course of the conversation, to relate many things to the advantage of the accepted spouse, and not a few of an opposite kind, for the edification of M. Edouard, who, becoming assured, from behind the screen, of his own pretty character, takes the earliest opportunity to bolt.

And now, nothing hindering the *mariage de raison* being consummated, a nuptial dialogue takes place in public, *coram populo*, in which the husband manages his proemial part so well, that Suzette is fairly birdlimed into a new affection, and, coming forward, assures the audience, as the curtain modestly falls on his marital privileges, that she has determined to live henceforth the blameless spouse of her "*brave Henri*;" and the pit as instantly determining that, such being the case, she shall receive its most unanimous support, white kid gloves are shaken in the boxes, and coloured cotton streamers wave from the gallery!—They call these things *Vaudevilles*!

PORTRAIT BY LORD BROUGHAM.

MADAME DE STAËL.

Neckar is hardly better known in our day, as the Minister of Louis XVI, than as the father and friend of the most celebrated woman in modern times, perhaps in some particulars the most remarkable of her sex that has appeared in any age. If among statesmen her title to a place should be questioned, no one can deny that her writings and her conduct produced an important influence upon the politics of Europe during many years; and, as the potentates in whose hands the destinies of nations were placed, repeatedly acted towards her, some as benefiting by her support, others as injured by her opposition, nay, as she suffered persecution in consequence of her political influence exerted honestly for her principles and her party, it seems at once fair and natural to regard her title as confessed, and to number her among the political characters of the age.

It was, however, as an illustrious member of the republic of letters that she claimed the highest place, and as such that she has the clearest right to the respect of posterity. She was undeniably a woman of genius; and she had this peculiarity among authors of her sex, that, while many have signalled themselves in the lighter walks of literature, and some in the more rugged field of science; while works of fancy have come from some female pens, and mathematical speculations from others; while an Agnesi has filled the professor's chair as an analyst in a celebrated university, a Chastalet has commented on Newton, a D'Acier on Homer, a Somerville (excelling them all) on Laplace—Madame de Staël has written one of the finest romances that ever appeared, one combining entertainment with instruction; has discussed, with all the rigor of argument and all the powers of eloquence, some of the most difficult questions of politics and of morals;

and has profoundly investigated the character, and weighed the merits, both of the various systems of philosophy, the different bodies of literature, and the diversified schemes of civil polity, which flourish or which fade in the several countries of Europe. Although it would not be correct to say that her varied works are without great faults, still less to affirm that she has left no room for other performances on the same subjects, yet it is certain, and universally admitted, that as yet they stand at the head of the productions which we possess on those several subjects. Her essay on Rousseau's writings; her "*Thoughts on Suicide*;" her account of Germany; her "*Corinne*," or Italy described under the attractive form of a romance, all testify to her extraordinary powers, because each is at this hour the best book in its several kind of which we are possessed. Nor does it follow from this admission, that the first of these tracts may not have overrated the merits of Jean Jacques; that much superficial matter is not to be found in the *Allemagne*; or that Italy may not hereafter be more philosophically, it can hardly be more strikingly, painted by another hand. But it must ever be a just subject of admiration to think that, in such difficult and various kinds of composition, a woman should have attained so great excellence, and of astonishment to reflect that the essays on Rousseau and on Suicide were the productions of a girl, one who had hardly attained the age of womanhood.

It is impossible for him who would truly represent the likeness of this extraordinary person, to separate her moral from her intellectual character, so closely did they touch and so powerfully act on each other. Her warmth of feeling not only stimulated her industry, but it sharpened her perspicacity, whetted her attention, invigorated her reason, and inspired her fancy: because she felt with enthusiasm, she penetrated with sagacity; because her heart beat high with zeal, her imagination glowed with fervor; the genuine sentiments of a most kind and compassionate nature kindled the warmth of her pathetic eloquence; her inextinguishable hatred of all that is cruel, or oppressive, or false, or mean, overflowed in a torrent of indignation against the tyrant and the impostor. How entirely she was under the dominion of her feelings when excited was known to her friends who dreaded her impoverishment, because they saw that she was without the hardness which nature has bestowed on others as the means of self-defence. How readily she could forget all other things when her heart was touched, was singularly shown on one occasion when she acted a part in a dramatic performance, and, confounding her natural with her assumed character, bounded forward to the actual relief of a family whose distresses were only the theme of a fictitious representation.

The passions are ever eloquent: left to themselves, their natural expression becomes contagious, and carries away the spectator when the actor is manifestly, but vehemently, moved. All that can be wanting in this case is the correct taste which restrains extravagant emotions or unbecoming diction: for it requires but a moderate acquaintance with words and idioms to give vent to the feelings which agitate the soul; and the difference is wonderfully little between the effect produced by the greatest mastery over language in an artist of consummate power, and that which follows the mere ebullition of natural passion in the words of an untutored victim. But Madame de Staël was well read in the best authors; at the fountains of the purest French diction she had drank often and deep; her taste was improved by the converse of highly-gifted men; much practice in writing had made the use of her own language easy to her: the intercourse of society had given her the faculty of extemporary speaking; and to the mastery over her own she added a far more familiar acquaintance with foreign tongues than almost any Frenchman ordinarily enjoys. No wonder that with her vehement feelings she became one of the most eloquent writers and speakers of the age. Her works bear testimony to this proposition in part; but whoever had only read without hearing her would have formed an imperfect idea of her extraordinary powers.

It must, however, be added, that though the clear expression of her meaning, the flow of her harmonious periods, the absence of monotony, the occasional felicity of illustration, the generally correct statement of an opinion or an argument, the striking and lively and picturesque description, all shine throughout her page, yet we seldom meet with any imagery of peculiar originality of beauty, scarcely ever with any passage of condensed resistless force, and in the diction we are always reminded of the unpassable gulf which separates all foreigners who write in French, even those who, like the Genevans, have no other mother-tongue, from the Scarrons, the Voltaires, the Mirabeaus, to whom the purest, most idiomatic, and most racy language was familiar, and in whose writings it had an irresistible charm. It is a singular circumstance that, as Rousseau, who with all his natural eloquence, wrote in inferior French, has left one work unlike all the rest in this respect, so has Madame de Staël given us a piece, and of a like description, which immeasurably excels her other and more important writings in the beauty of its diction. The "*Confession of Rousseau*" as far excels the "*Nouvelle Heloise*" in the excellence of its French as it falls below that production in the dignity of its subject. But it shows a marvellous power of elevating the lowest, vilest, often the grossest objects of contemplation, by the exquisite diction in which their description is clothed, and it is written in a tongue racy and natural as the best portions of Voltaire. The "*Dix Ans d'Exile*" of Madame de Staël in like manner, though resembling the "*Confessions*" in no other particular, is yet far superior to her other works in the purity and genuine Gallicism of the composition. It is the same way that, when Mirabeau, the father, laid aside the pedantries of his sect, and wrote letters on family affairs to his brother, the Bailli, his style became one of the very best and most interesting and most original, instead of nearly the dulllest and most formal and least readable in which a Frenchman's thoughts were ever conveyed.

The assertion so frequently made, that Madame de Staël had no wit, is true and it is false. If made absolutely and so as to comprehend all wit, the choice of witty and pointed expressions, the striking combination of ideas, the unexpected illustration of one thing by reference to another—nothing can be more unfounded. Hardly a page of her writings but refutes it at once. But it is quite certain that it was rather in witty expressions than in witty ideas that she abounded; and it is undeniable that she had little or no sense of the ludicrous, whether in persons or in things—and was thus without any humor or relish for humor, as well as averse to,

or incapable of bringing any power of ridicule to bear upon an adverse argument. Whoever would deny her powers of ready illustration, or of happy repartee, happy both in force and delicacy, must have known her only through very bad reporters, persons unfair towards her, or incapable of appreciating her.—Napoleon having, during the hundred days, sent some one to express the want he felt of her to aid in establishing the constitution, received for answer—"Il s'est bien passé de constitution et de moi pendant douze ans; et à présent même il ne nous aime guère plus l'une que l'autre."—A man of learning and talents, but of sensitive vanity, having made before her a somewhat intemperate sally—"Avouez donc, monseigneur (said she to a prelate who sat beside her), qu'il n'y a pas de chose si sottise que la vanité ne fasse faire aux gens d'esprit."

In a prison so full of warm affections, so fond of the natural in character, and so romantic in many of her tastes, it was strange to observe so entire an absence of all love for natural scenery. She was a great lover of poetry; of acting she was passionately fond; in music she took the greatest delight, and even excelled in singing, though she cultivated it but little; but for natural scenery she had no taste; could travel through a romantic country without taking her eye off the page she was reading; and lived on the lake of Geneva and within view of the Alps, without ever casting a look at either rugged mountain or blue water. Thoroughly honest, however, and bating affectation in all its forms, she could never pretend to what she did not feel, though at the risk of having a defect in her taste exposed: so, when some one was expatiating with fervor on the pleasure which a tender heart like hers must take among green shades and romantic rivulets, "Ah (she exclaimed), il n'y a pour moi de ruisseau qui vaille celui de la Rue de Bac."

In truth she existed for discussion, for observation of men, for the exciting interest of all national affairs. Society was the element in which she lived and moved and had her being; and the society of Paris was almost alone deemed society in her time. It was here she shone; it was here her influence was felt: it was by her power in this sphere that she could further those principles of liberal but orderly and humane policy to which she was devoutly attached. Her political writings had greatly extended her influence over that important portion of the French nation; and her conversation was singularly calculated to consummate her power. Hereditary in her family, and as well by the mother's as the father's side, was the undaunted spirit which led her to profess her opinions, whatever odium they might draw upon her from the people, whatever contempt from the aristocracy, whatever persecution from the established authorities of the state. When the scaffold was hourly wet with the blood of the royalists, and the Queen was brought to her trial among the rest, Madame de Staël had the courage to publish her defence of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. When the Consulate was formed which plainly indicated the approaching supremacy of Napoleon, she openly erected the standard of opposition to the aspiring chief, and made her house the centre of the party which attacked him in the Tribune under the conduct of her intimate friend, Benjamin Constant. Failing in all attempts to gain her over or to silence her, Napoleon soon had recourse to reprisals; and his assumption of arbitrary power was signalled by her banishment from Paris, the greatest punishment he could inflict upon her. In this hostility to the enemy of liberty and of peace she persevered during the remaining ten years of his reign, although the two millions of the debt owing to her from the government in consequence were never paid until the period of the sudden and unexpected restoration. It would not be easy to name the individual who contributed more towards the conservation of that hatred of Napoleon's dynasty, and the zeal for its subversion, which led to the restoration at a time when so many even of the Bourbon party had in despair joined the party of their adversaries, and followed the apparently resistless fortune of Napoleon. It is not always that exiled kings are ungrateful on their restoration to the friends of their adversity; and Louis XVIII repaid to the daughter of Neckar the two millions which he had lent to the state during the disastrous period of his second administration.

That the character of this extraordinary woman had some weaknesses, and that her understanding had some defects, it would be foolish to deny. The former certainly, perhaps also the latter, had their origin in the great warmth of her affections. Her nature was essentially good, kind, loving; and, as her attachments were not slowly formed, so were they not indulged by haves. But if she gave herself up heartily to their influence, they were not the less firm, steady, and enduring. No one was less fickle in her friendships, and no one was less disposed to quit a subject or pursuit which had excited her interest, however suddenly that excitement had been produced. Full of enthusiasm, she was yet constant; prone to vehement feelings, she was without violence either of temper or disposition; ardent in her affections and determined in her enmities, her whole composition contained not a particle of spite, or gall, or revenge. All was noble and generous, to her very faults; nothing mean or paltry belonged to her understanding or her heart.

It is however to be observed that this ardent temperament, which was often found subversive of prudence in conduct, proved extremely prejudicial to the success of her intellectual efforts. From hence proceeded a proneness to receive erroneous impressions; to reason from the feelings; to be satisfied with a sentiment, or even a phrase, as if it had been an argument: to hasten over the ground towards a conclusion, from finding it more agreeable to occupy any favourite position than win the way to it by legitimate steps. The Genevan character is marked by a disposition to theorise, rather perhaps to coin little theories, small bits of doctrine, petty systems which embrace the easy corners of some subject. That Madame de Staël was wholly exempt from this besetting sin of her country it would be incorrect to affirm; but she redeemed it by the greater extent of her views in general, and by the hardihood of her speculations upon the most interesting questions; and her writings, both in subject and in style, had little indeed of that precision, self-satisfaction, microcosmic feeling, which may be traced in so large a proportion of the works that come from the banks of Lemman Lake. The tone of the sentiments was also abundantly more liberal and less ascetic than to satisfy the code of the city of Calvin. Having mentioned her connection with the great little republic by family, we should add that almost all her patriotic feelings were id mi-

ciled in France. Whoever witnessed her chagrin, occasionally approaching to despair, in the spring of 1814, when the consummation so long devoutly prayed for by her and her party had arrived, and, Napoleon being overthrown, the allies entered Paris, must recollect how uncontrollably the Frenchwoman burst forth and triumphed over the politician and the cosmopolite. When Lord Dudley, half in jest, half seriously, expressed his hope that the Cossacks would reach Paris and nail a horse-shoe on the gates of the Tuileries, her alarm and her indignation knew no bounds, and she could only exclaim, "Quoi donc, cette belle France!" almost suffocated by her feelings. The moderation of the allies mitigated the acuteness of these during the remaining period of the occupation; but the subject of the capture was one to which she ever referred with a bitterness of spirit well calculated to read a useful and a solemn lesson. It is true she endeavoured to see in that great event only a new cause of hating Napoleon, to whose tyranny and ambition she ascribed the fall of France; but it is also much more than probable that, had she ever again been called to choose between the worst domestic faction, even the worst domestic thralldom, and its subjugation effected in that of her country, she would have said, "No more foreign armies;" and it is very certain that, if the same option had been presented to her mind before France had ever been overrun, and she had foreseen all she felt on the capture of Paris, she would have rejected this as the worst of all consummations, and withheld all aid to its accomplishment. The inglorious end of Moreau, whose fall many might pity, but whose memory no one respects, adds a striking enforcement to the same patriotic lesson.

The public and the personal character of individuals, always nearly allied, are in women inseparably connected; so that in describing the one both must have been portrayed. But one peculiarity remains to be added, and it is entitled to distinguished praise. Those persons who are much more learned than their class or order, the self-taught, and chiefly women well instructed, are somewhat like persons who have risen unexpectedly and quickly to great wealth, letter-proud as these are purse-proud; apt to look down upon others whose resources are more slender, very apt to fancy both that their own means are boundless, and that none else possesses any at all. Accordingly, beside the love of displaying their stores, it is commonly observed of such scholars that they both believe themselves to know every thing, and suppose others to know nothing. But the illustrious woman of whom we are speaking was very far above such a weakness. None less than she made a parade of her acquirements; none more deferred to others, or more eagerly availed herself of all the opportunities to increase her information. Indeed in society, though naturally fond of shining, she threw herself far too heartily into the conflict to let her think of exhibiting her knowledge; and, if she delighted in the exercise of her eloquence, (as who that possesseth it would not?) she never oppressed her hearers with talk for the mere display of reading, nor ever showed the least indifference to the merits of kindred or superior spirits.

The religious feelings of Madame de Staël were always strong, and in the latter part of her life they gained an extraordinary ascendancy over her. The originality of her genius made her occasionally indulge in peculiar views on this as on all other subjects. But, as her belief in revelation was sincere, her habits were devout without superstition, and her faith was strong without the least tincture of bigotry or intolerance. She successfully inculcated the same principles in her children; and her daughter both illustrated the Christian Gospel by her writings, and exemplified its beauties in her life.

The warmth of her affections have been recorded: in her family, it is hardly necessary to add, these found the greatest scope and were in the most constant play. But the predominant feeling of her soul was filial love. Her father had ever been her most confidential and attached friend, from whom she had no thought or feeling of her heart concealed. Devotion to him through life, and the most religious and tender veneration for his memory when she lost him, seemed to occupy her whole mind. By her own children she was cherished with the same ardent affection become hereditary; they, and in an especial manner the Duchess de Broglie, were well worthy of the love she ever bore them; and if, to celebrate the capacity of women, as well as to prove how gracefully the rarest gifts of the understanding may be combined with the kindest dispositions of the heart, the moralist will naturally point towards the illustrious mother, he will also name the admirable daughter, if he would present to the love and respect of mankind the purest example of every female virtue, and of all the accomplishments that can adorn the softer sex.

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